

A  
S E L E C T  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
E N G L I S H S O N G S.

V O L. III.





A 239 C39  
S E L E C T  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
E N G L I S H S O N G S.  
I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.  
V O L U M E T H E T H I R D.



— APIS MATINÆ  
MORE MODOQUE  
GRATA CARPENTIS THYMA PER LABOREM  
PLURIMUM.  
HOR.

L O N D O N:  
Printed for J. JOHNSON in St. Pauls Church-yard,  
MDCCLXXXIII.

SELECT  
COLLECTION  
OF  
ENGLISH SONNETS  
IN THREE VOLUMES



A I R S  
TO THE  
S O N G S  
IN  
VOLUME L





## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following Music was originally designed to be bound up with the Volume to which it belongs. But it being thought that the appearance, convenience and utility of the Work would be more favoured by the present arrangement, the Reader is desired to excuse such little inaccuracys of reference as have been necessarily produced by the alteration.

## ADVERTISEMENT

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# A I R S.

## C L A S S I.

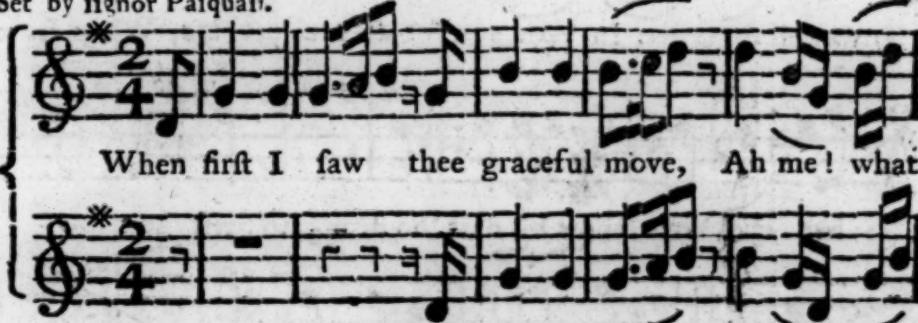
SONG I. Ah Chloris, could I now but fit.

SONG II. When first upon your tender cheek. Miss Aikin.

No air to the first of these songs has been met with, and the other is not supposed to have been set, or to have any tune.

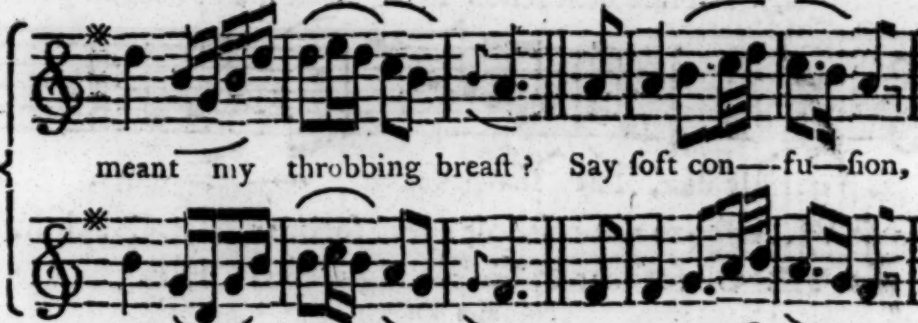
SONG III. When first I saw thee graceful move.

Set by signor Pasquali.



When first I saw thee graceful move, Ah me! what

When first I saw Ah me! what



meant my throbbing breast? Say soft confusion,

meant my throbbing breast? Say soft confusion,



art thou love? If love thou art, then farewell rest.

art thou love? If love thou art, then farewell rest.



SONG IV. I did but look and love a while. Otway.

Air unknown. \*

SONG V. Almerias face, her shape, her air. Visc. Moleſworth.  
Set by mr. John Alcock, organist of Plymouth.



Almerias face, her shape, her air, With charms resistless



wound the heart. In vain you for defence prepare; When from



her eyes love shoots his dart. So strong, so swift the arrow



flies, Such sure destruction flying makes, The bold op-poſer



quickly dies, The fu-gitive it o-ver-takes.

SONG VI. Ah gaze not on those eyes! forbear. Mrs. Cockburn.

SONG VII. Oh forbear to bid me ſlight her. Hill.

No airs known.

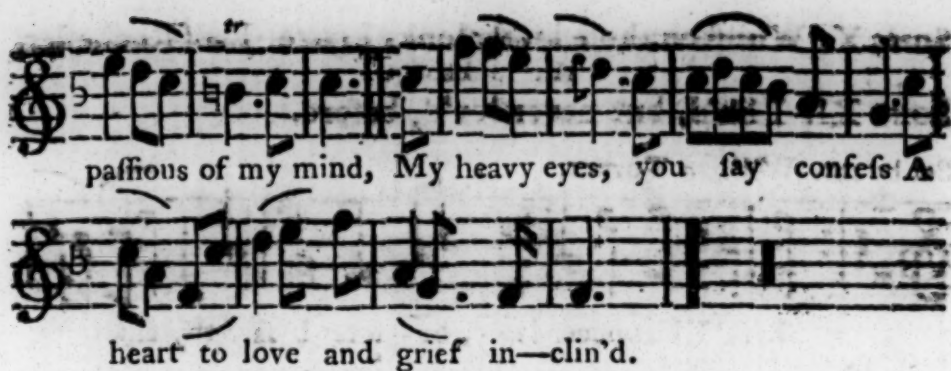
SONG VIII. While from my looks fair nymph you gueſs.

Set by mr. Dieupart.



While from my looks, fair nymph, you gueſs The ſecret  
paſſions

\* This and ſuch like expreſſions (uſed for the ſake of brevity) generally mean no more than that the tune has not come to the Editors knowledge. In ſome places they imply certainty. The different inſtances are not worth pointing out.



SONG IX. White as her hand fair Julia threw. Jenyns.  
 Was poorly set by a mr. Hawkins; and no other air is known.

SONG X. I smile at Love and all his arts. Vanbrugh.

I smile at Love and all his arts, The charming Cynthia

cry'd. Take heed, for Love has piercing darts, A

wounded swain re—ply—

—'d. Take heed, for Love has piercing darts, A

wound—ed swain reply—'d.

A 3

SONG X.

SONG X. Whilst on those lovely looks I gaze. E. of Rochester,  
Air unknown.

SONG XI. I lik'd, but never lov'd, before.

Set by mr. William Turner.



I lik'd, but never lov'd, be—fore I saw thy charming



face; Now ev'ry feature I adore, And dote on ev'ry grace. She



ne'er shall know the kind desire, Which her cold look de-



nies, Unless my heart that's all on fire Should sparkle thro' my



eyes, Then if no gentle glance return A si—lent leave to



speak, My heart which would for ever burn, Alas! must



fight and break.

SONG XIII. My love was fickle once and changing. Addison.  
Air not known.

SONG XIV. I never saw a face till now:

Is set by capt. Pack, but the tune was not thought worth inserting.

SONG XV. With women I have pass'd my days.  
Air not known.

SONG XVI.



**SONG XVI. Why will Florella when I gaze.**

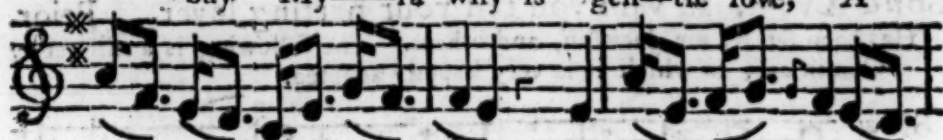
Was originally set by Mr. Berenclow, whose composition has not been met with. There are notes to it in Bickhams Musical Entertainer, but they did not appear worth copying.

**SONG XVII. Say Myra why is gentle love. Lord Lyttelton.**

Set by Mr. (since dr.) Howard.



Say My—ra why is gen—tle love, A



fran—ger to that mind Which pi—ty and ef—



teem can move, Which can be just and kind?



Is it because you fear to know The ills which love mo—



lest? The ten—der care, the anx—ious fear, Which



racks the am'rous breast? A—las! by some de—



'gree of woe, We ev'—ry blifs ob—tain. The

A 4

heart





SONG XVIII. In vain you tell your parting lover. Prior.  
Has been set by Mr. Jackson, and others. The following is a minuet by  
Geminiani, to which it is very happily adapted.



SONG XIX. Fain would you ease my troubled heart.  
Air unknown.

SONG XX.

SONG XX. Why Delia ever when I gaze.

Larghetto.



Why De—lia ev—er when I gaze, Ap—



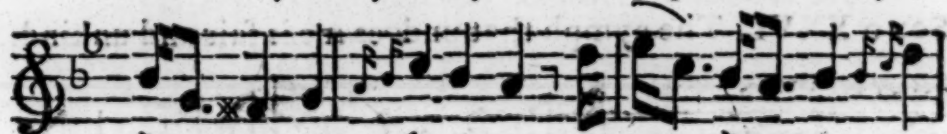
pears in frowns that lovely face: Why are those smiles to



me deny'd, That glad—den ev'—ry heart beside:



In vain your eyes my flame reprove, I may



de—spair, but still must love. In vain your eyes my



flame re—prove, I may de—spair, but still must love.

SONG XXI. Ah blame me not if no despair. Wolfeley.

SONG XXII. Wrong not sweet mistress of my heart. Raleigh.

SONG XXIII. You may cease to complain.

No airs known.

SONG XXIV. Saw you the nymph whom I adore. Carey.

Set by the author.

Larghetto.



Saw you the nymph whom I a—dore? Saw

you

you the goddess of my heart? And can you bid me  
 love no more? Or can you think I feel no  
 smart? And can you bid me love no more?  
 Or can you think I feel no smart?

SONG XXV. Tell me no more how fair she is. Bp. King.  
 No air known.

SONG XXVI. The nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,  
 Set by dr. Green.

The nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind; No  
 less than a wonder by nature design'd; She's the grief of my  
 heart, the joy of my eye, And the cause of a flame that  
 never can die; The cause of a flame that never can die.

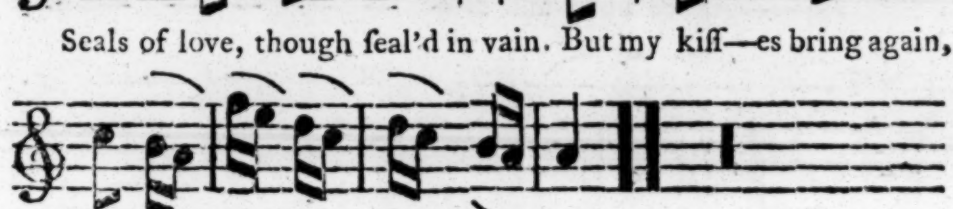
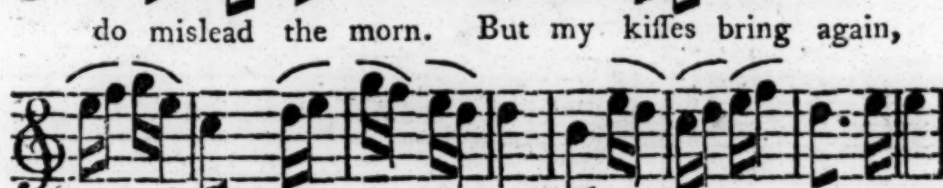
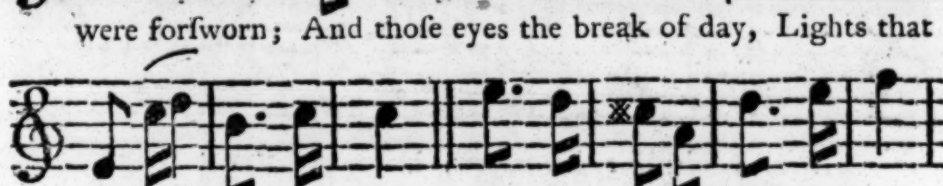
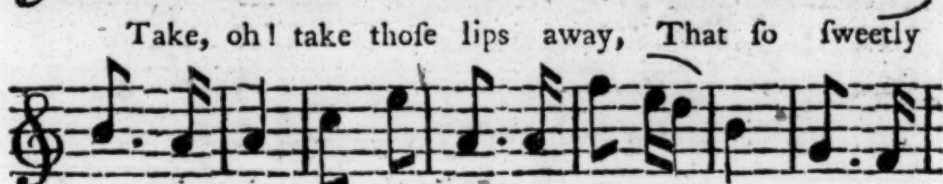
SONG XXVII.



**SONG XXVII. Take, oh take those lips away.**

Set by mr. Galliard. (It has been likewise set by mr. Jackson of Exeter and others)

Slow



Seals of love though seal'd in vain.

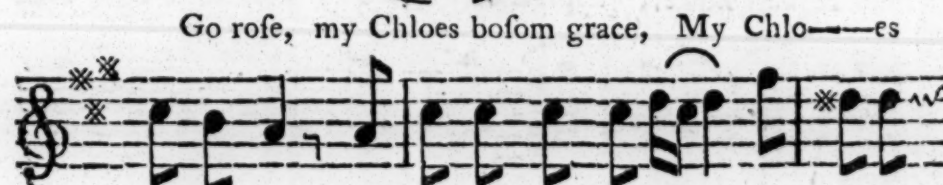
**SONG XXVIII. Go lovely rose. Waller.**

Originally set by Henry Lawes, and since by others, but with little success.

**SONG XXIX. Go rose, my Chloes bosom grace. Gay.**

Set by dr. Green.

Moderately slow.



bosom grace, How happy should I prove, How happy  
should



should I prove, Might I supply that envied place With



never fading love, With nev—er fading love.



There Phenix like, be—neath her eye, In—volv'd in



fra—grancee burn and di— — — — — e.



Be—neath her eye, Involved in fra—grance burn

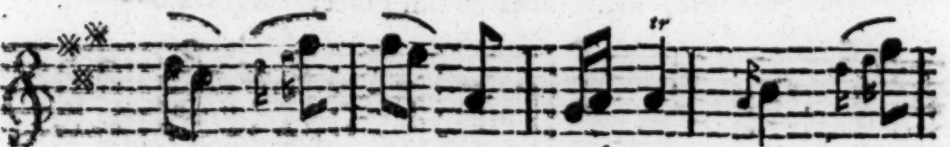


and di—e, Burn and die.

Know



hapless flower, hapless flower, That thou shalt find, shalt



find More fra—grant ro—ses there, More  
fragrant



fra—gant ro—ses there. I see thy with'ring



head reclin'd, With en—vy and de—spair, with



en—vy and de—spair. One common fate we



both must prove : You die with en—vy, I with love.



One common fate we both must prove, You die with



en—vy, I die with love, You die with envy,



I with love. You with envy, I with love.

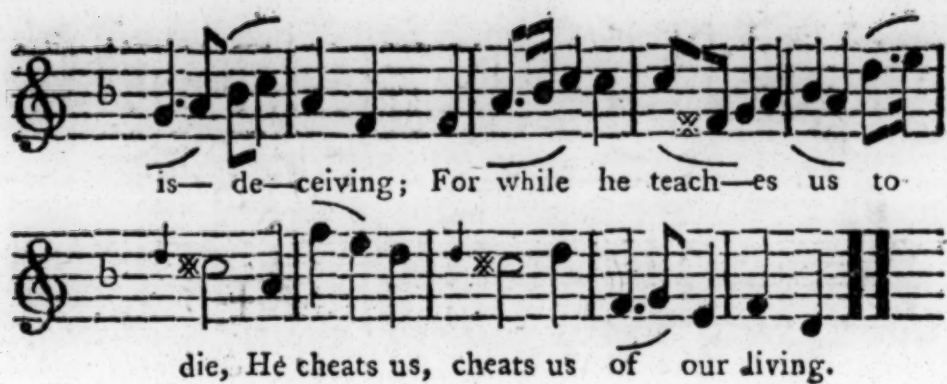
SONG XXX. Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by. E. of Chesterfield.

Andantino.



Mis—ta—ken fair, lay Sherlock by, His doctrine, doctrine





is— de—ceiving; For while he teach—es us to  
die, He cheats us, cheats us of our living.

SONG XXXI. When first I fair Celinda knew.



When first I fair Ce—lin—da knew, Her kindness then was  
great; Her eyes I could with pleasure view, And friendly  
rays did meet. In all delights we past the time, That  
could di—version move; She oft would kind—ly hear me  
rhyme Upon some others love, She oft would kind—ly  
hear me rhyme Up—on some others love.

SONG XXXII. When fair Serrena first I knew.

SONG XXXIII. Fairest of thy sex and best.

No airs known.

SONG. XXXIV.

SONG XXXIV. Could you guess, for I ill can repeat. Wod-  
(hull.

SONG XXXV. If in that breast so good so pure. Moore.

Neither of these two pieces it is presumed ever had any air.

SONG XXXVI. The silver rain, the pearly dew.

The editor has not been able to obtain a sight of the music to the entertainment from which this song is taken.

SONG XXXVII. Whilst I am scorched with hot desire. Prior.

SONG XXXVIII. 'Tis not your saying that you love. Mrs.  
No airs known. (Behn.

SONG XXXIX. Go tell Aminta, gentle swain. Dryden.

Set by Mr. Robert King.



Go tell Aminta gentle swain, I would not die nor



dare complain; Thy tuneful voice with numbers join, Thy



voice will more prevail than mine; For souls oppressed and



dumb with grief. The Gods ordain'd this kind relief: That



music should in sounds convey, What dying lovers



dare not say.

SONG XL.

SONG XL. Gentle love this hour befriend me. Hill,  
Set by count St. Germain.  
Moderato.

Gentle Love this hour be-friend me, To my Eyes  
re-sign thy dart, Notes of melting mu-sic lend  
me, To dissolve a fro-zen heart. Chill as  
mountain snow her bo-som, Tho' I ten-der language  
use; 'Tis by cold in-diff-rence frozen, To my  
arms, and to my muse.

SONG XLI. I cannot change as others do. E. of Rochester,  
Airs not known.

SONG XLII. To melancholy thoughts a prey. Mrs. Pilkington  
See the music to the additional songs.

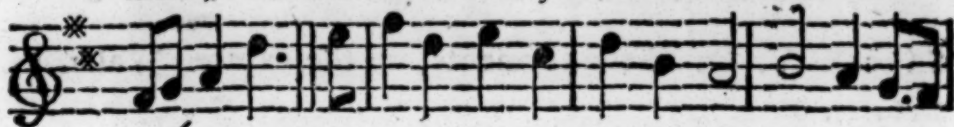
SONG XLIII. To all you ladies now at land. E. of Dorset.

To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea  
indige





indite, But first would have you understand How hard it



is to write. The muses now and Neptune too, We must im-



plore, to write to you. Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, la.

**SONG XLIV. The heavy hours are almost past. L. Lyttelton.**

Set by mr. Jackson of Exeter.

*Moderately slow.*



The heavy hours are almost past, That part my love and



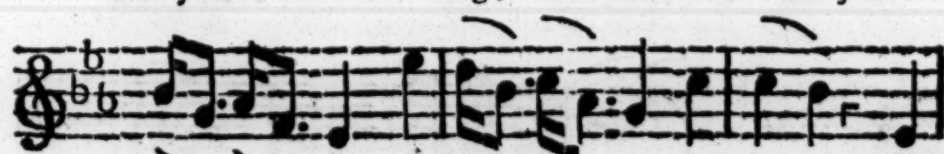
me; My longing eyes may hope at last Their



on-ly wish to see. But how my Delia will you meet The



man you've lost so long; Will love in all your



puls—es beat And tremble on your tongue? Will



love in all your pulses beat And tremble on your tongue.

SONG XLV. Of all the torments, all the cares. Walth.

Set by dr. Boyce.



Of all the torments, all the cares, By which our



lives, are curst: Of all the plagues a lov—er



bears Sure ri—vals are the worst. By part—ners



in each o—ther kind, Af—flictions ea—si—er grow; In



Love alone we hate to find Com—pani—ons of our woe.

SONG XLVI. Yes, fairest proof of beautys power. Prior.  
No air known.

SONG XLVII. Though cruel you seem to my pain. Carey.

Set by the author.



Though cruel you seem to my pain, And hate me be—  
cause



cause I am true; Yet Phillis, you love a false swain, Who



has o—ther nymphs in his view. En-joyment's a tri-ble to



him, To me, what a heav'n would it be! To him but a



woman you seem; But, ah! you're an an-gel to me.

SONG XLVIII. What fury does disturb my rest.  
No air known.

SONG XLIX. What state of life can be so blest. Dryden.  
Was "sung by Mrs. Hudson, and set by Mr. John Eccles." *Dursey*.  
The notes have not been met with, but they are supposed to be like the  
rest of that gentleman's pantomimical performances, good for nothing.

SONG L. Say lovely dream, where could'st thou find. Waller.  
The original music is unknown, and that of Anthony Neale is scarce  
worth preserving.

SONG LI. I'll range around the shady bow'rs. Carey.  
Set by the author.

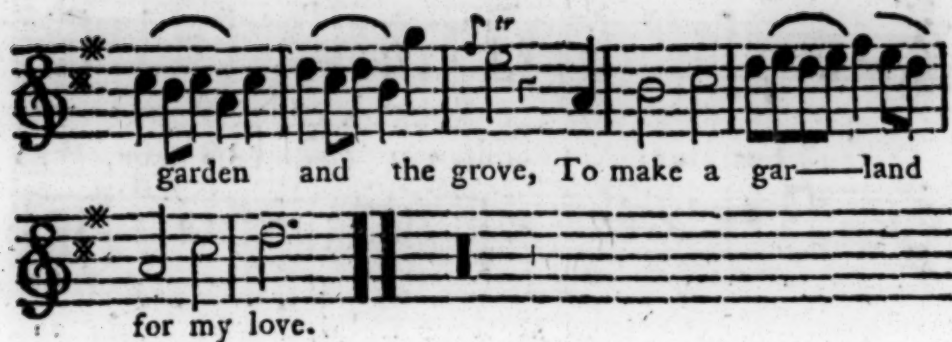


I'll range a—round the sha—dy bow—'rs, And



ga—ther all the sweetest flow'rs: I'll strip the





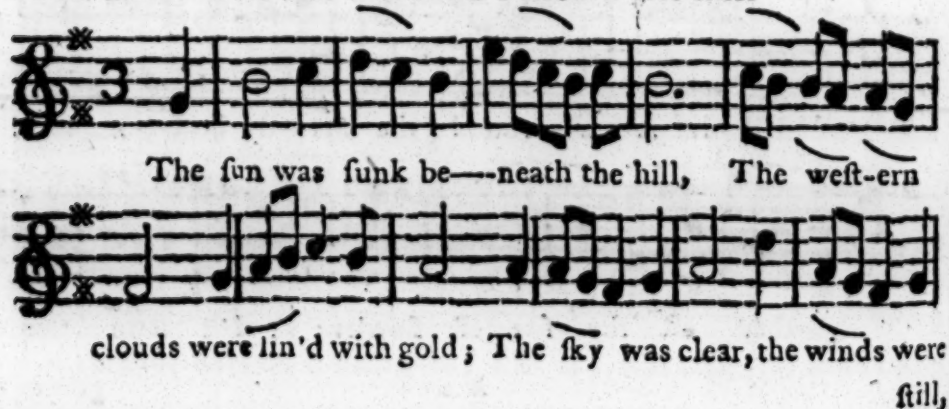
garden and the grove, To make a gar—land  
for my love.

SONG LII. Why cruel creature why so bent. L. Lanfdowne.  
Set by mr. Flaxton.

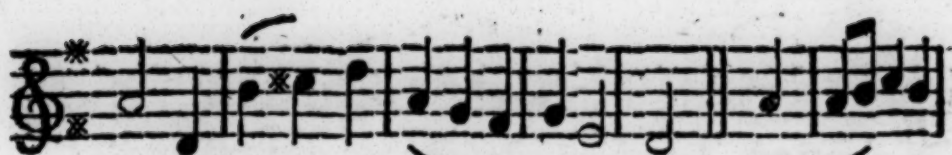


Why cruel crea-ture why so bent To vex a  
ten—der heart; To gold and ti—tle you re—  
lent, Love throws in vain his dar—  
— — — t. Love throws in vain his dart.

SONG LIII. The sun was sunk beneath the hill.



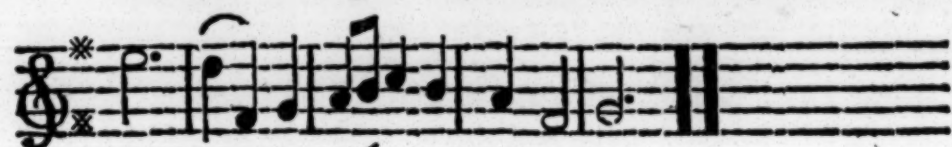
The sun was sunk be—neath the hill, The west-ern  
clouds were lin'd with gold; The sky was clear, the winds were  
still,



still, The flocks were pent within the fold ; When from the



si-lence of the grove, Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.



Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

SONG LIV. I love, I dote, I rave with pain. Otway.

The Tune alluded to is not known. But the song has been set by dr. Boyce, though not in his happiest manner.

SONG LV. My time, o ye Muses! was happily spent. Byron.



My time, o ye mu—ses I was hap—pi—ly spent, When  
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast, Sure



Phebe went with me where ev—er I went; But  
never fond Shep—herd like Col—in was blest:



now she is gone and has left me be—hind, What a



mar—vel—ous change on a sud—den I find; When  
things



things were as fine as could poss--i--bly be, I thought 'twas the



spring, but a—las! it was she.

SONG LVI. To the brook and the willow that heard him com-  
[plain. Rowe.



To the brook and the willow, that heard him com-



plain, Ah, willow! willow! Poor Collin went weeping, and



told them his pain; Ah, willow, wil—low; ah,



willow, wil—low.

SONG LVII. How gentle was my Damons air. Dalton,  
Set by dr. Arne.



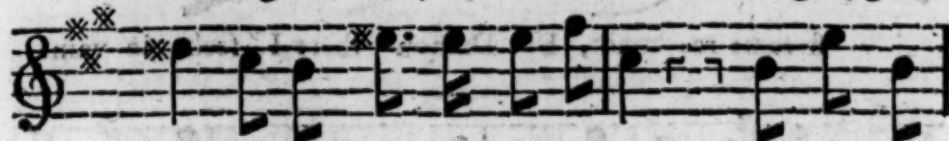
How gentle was my Damons air, Like funny

beams

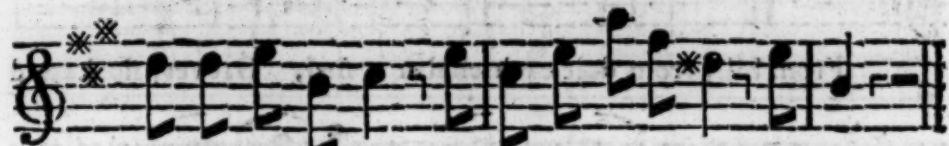




beams his golden hair; His voice was like the nightingale's



More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales. How hard such

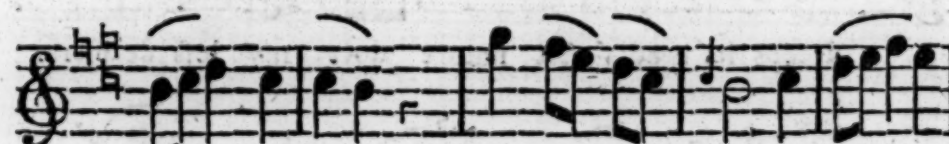


beauties to resign! And yet that cruel task is mine.

*Amoroso.*



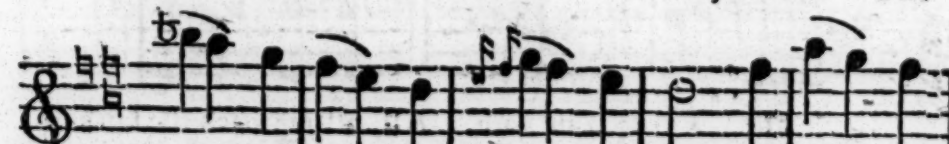
On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove, Along the mar-gin



of each stream, Dear conscious scenes of former



love: I mourn and Damon is my theme. The



hills, the groves, the streams re-main, But Da-mon



there I seek in vain. The hills, the groves, the



streams re—main, But Damon there I seek in vain.



From hill, from dale each charm is fled, Groves, flocks and



fountains please no more; Each flow'r in pi—ty



droops its head, All nature does my loss de-plore.



All, all re—proach the faithless swain, Yet Damon



still I seek in vain. All, all reproach the faith-less



swain, Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

SONG LVIII.

SONG LVIII. The pastoral by Shenstone.

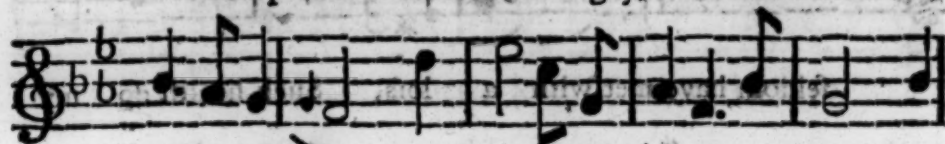
Set by dr. Arne.

Part I.

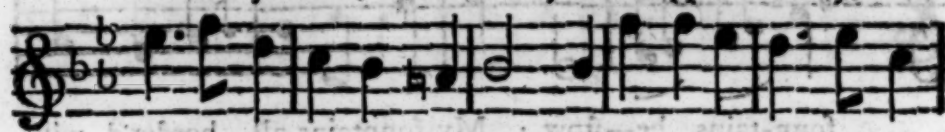
Moderately brisk.



Ye shepherds so chearful and gay, Whose flocks never



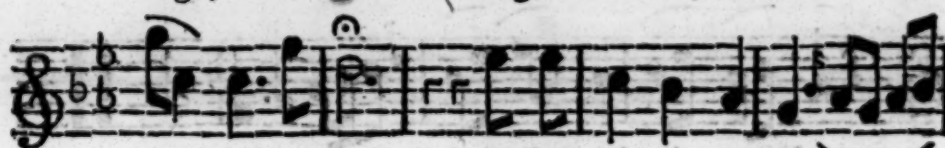
carelessly roam ; Should Corydons happen to stray, Oh !



call the dear wanderers home. Allow me to muse and to



figh, Nor talk of the change that I find ; None once was so



watchful as I, I have left my dear Phillis be-



hind, I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Part II.



My banks they are furnish'd with bees, Whose murmur in-



vites one to sleep ; My grottos are sha—ded with

trees,





trees, And my hills are white over with sheep. I



feldom have met with a loss, Such health do my



foun-tains be-stow : My fountains all border'd with



mos, Where the harebells and vio-lets grow, —



— Where the harebells and vi-o-lets grow.

### Part III.

Tenderly.



Why will you my passion re-prove? Why



term it a fol-ly to grieve? Ere I

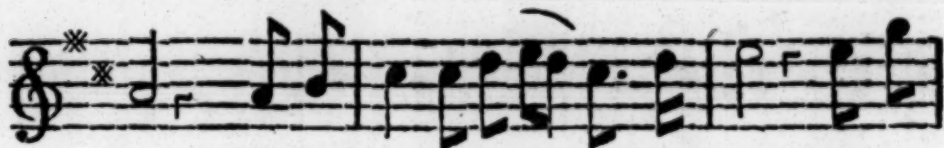
tell



tell you the charms of my love, She is



fairer than you can believe, She is fair—er than you can be-



lieve. With her mien she en-a-mours the brave, With her



wit she engages the free, With her modesty pleases the



grave, She is ev'ry way pleasing to me, She is



ev'ry way pleasing to me.

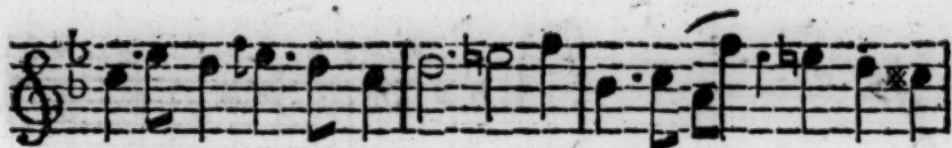
#### Part IV.



Ye shepherds give ear to my lay, And



take no more heed of my sheep; They have  
nothing



nothing to do but to stray, I have nothing to do but to



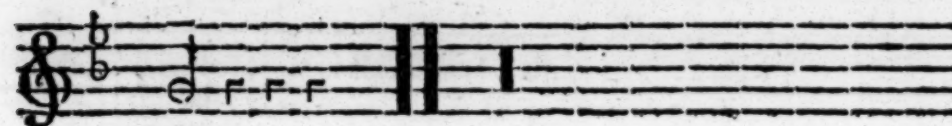
weep. Yet do not my folly reprove, She was



fair, and my passion be—gun; She



smil'd and I could not but love; She was faithless and I am un-



done.

SONG LIX. Despairing beside a clear stream. Rowe.

*Grim king of the ghosts make haste.*



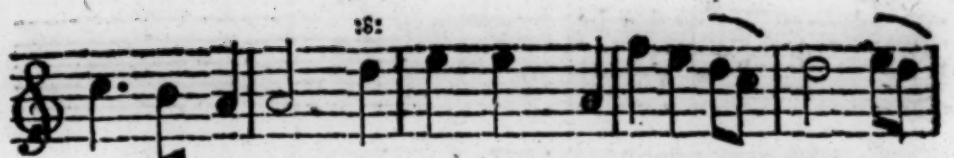
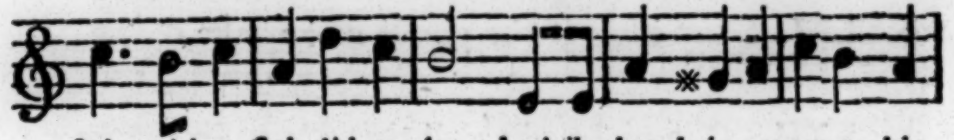
De-spairing beside a clear stream, A shepherd forsaken was



laid; And while a false nymph was his theme, A willow sup-

ported

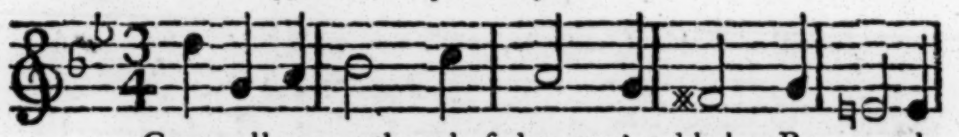
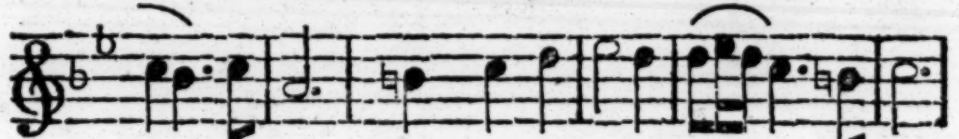
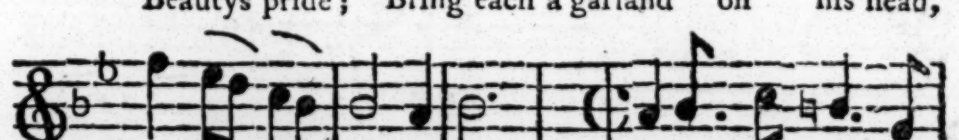
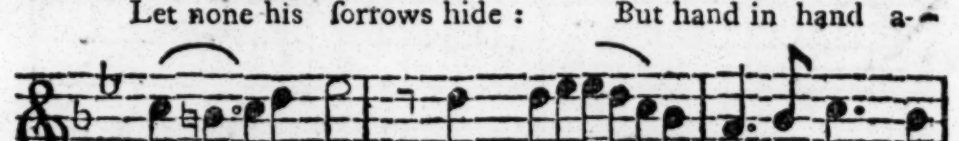
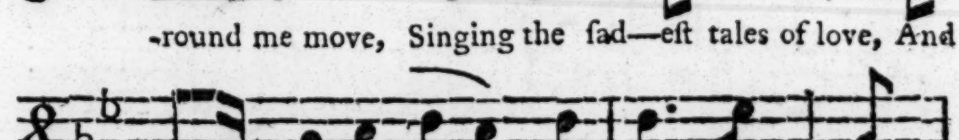


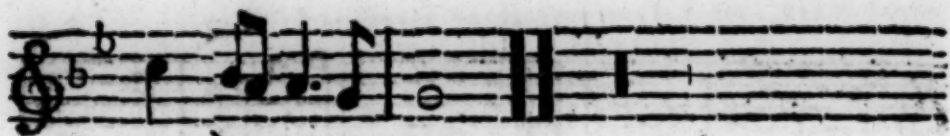

  
 ported his head; The wind that blew over the plain, To his
   

  
 fights with a sigh did re-ply : And the brook in return to his
   

  
 pain, Ran mournfully murmuring by.

**SONG LX. Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled. Otway.**

The following are supposed to be the original notes. There is a later, but not much superior air by dr. Boyce.


  
 Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled, By cruel
   

  
 Beautys pride; Bring each a garland on his head,
   

  
 Let none his sorrows hide : But hand in hand a-
   

  
 -round me move, Singing the fad-est tales of love, And
   

  
 see when your complaints you join, If all your
   
 wrongs



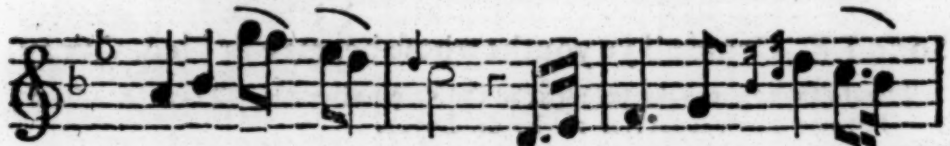
wrongs can e—qual mine.

SONG LXI. Grim king of the ghosts make haste.  
See air LIX.

SONG LXII. One night when all the village slept. Scroope.  
Set by mr. Ofwald.



One night when all the vil—lage slept, Myr—



tillos sad de—spair, The wretched shep—herd



waking kept: To tell the woods his care.



Be—gone, (faid he) fond thoughts be—gone, Eyes



give your for—rows o'er, Why should you waste your



love for one Who thinks on you no more.

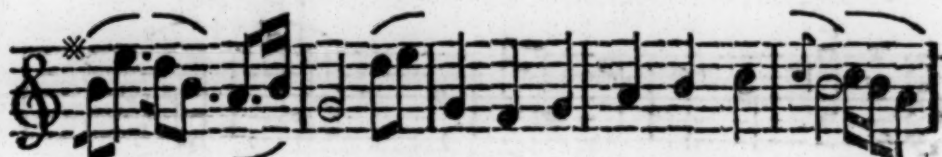
SONG LXIII.

SONG LXIII. Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, adieu.

Plaintive.



Ah! Damon, dear shep-herd a—dieu! By love and first



na—ture al—ly'd! To—gether in fondness we grew, Ah!



would we to—gether had dy'd, Ah! would we to—



gether had dy'd! For thy faith, which re—sembled my



own, For thy love which was spot—less and true, For the



joys we to—ge—ther have known, Ah! Damon, dear



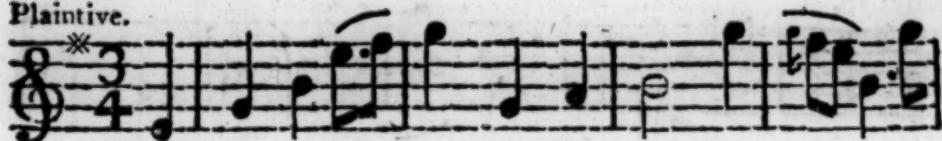
shep—herd a—dieu, Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, a—dieu.

SONG LXIV.



**SONG LXIV. Hark, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb! Moore:**  
Set by mr. Worgan.

Plaintive.



Hark, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb! Come, Lucy, it



cries, come a—way, The grave of thy Col—in has



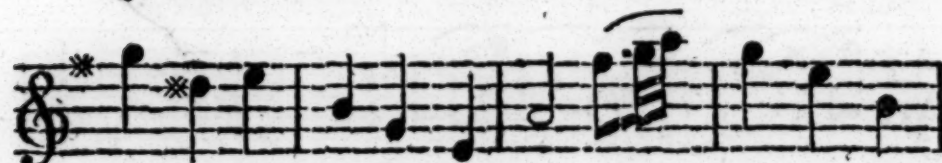
room To rest thee be—side his cold clay. I



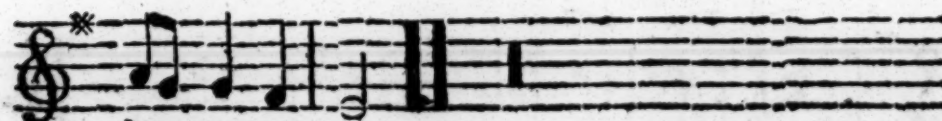
come, my dear shepherd, I come; Ye friends and com-



pa-nions, a—dieu! I haste to my Colins dark home, To



die on his bosom so true, To die on his

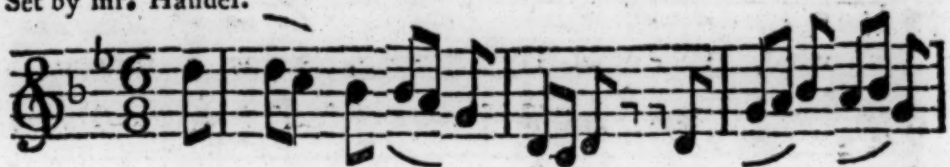


bo-som so true.

**SONG LXV.**

ore:  
Song LXV. 'Twas when the seas were roaring. Gay.

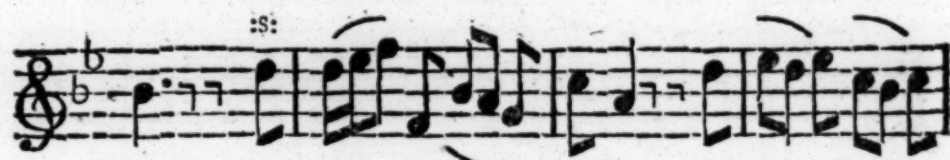
Set by mr. Handel.



it  
'Twas when the seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of



as  
wind, A damfel lay deploring, All on a rock re-



I  
clin'd: Wide o'er the foaming billows, She cast a wistful



m-  
look; Her head was crown'd with wil-lows, That



To  
trembled o'er the brook.

THE SAME SONG, Set by mr. Jackson of Exeter, under the title of *Susanna*.

The extreeme sweetness of the air of this cantata, and the masterly stile of the whole composition, must be the editors apology for inserting it contrary to his professed design, and immediately after so capital a piece as mr. Handels original music.

Recitative.



XV.  
Largo andante. 'Twas when the seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of

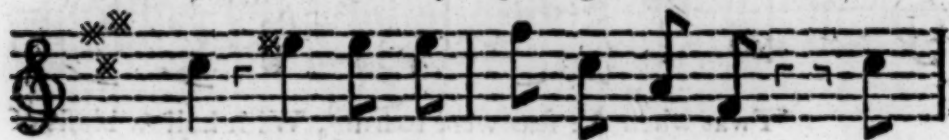
VOL. I.

C

wind,



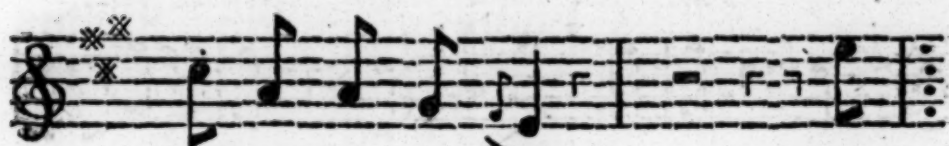
wind, A damsel lay deplo'ring, All on a rock re-



clin'd. Wide o'er the foaming billows She



cast a wistful look, Her head was crown'd with willows That



trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve



months are gone and o-ver, And nine long tedious days, Why



didst thou, vent'—rous lover, Why didst thou trust the seas? Cease



cease thou cru-el o-ccean, And let my lover rest. Ah!



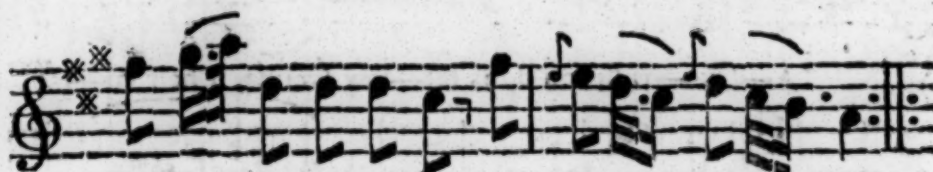
what's thy trou—bled mo-tion To

that





that with—in my breast? Ah!



what's thy troubled motion To that with-in my breast?

Recitative.



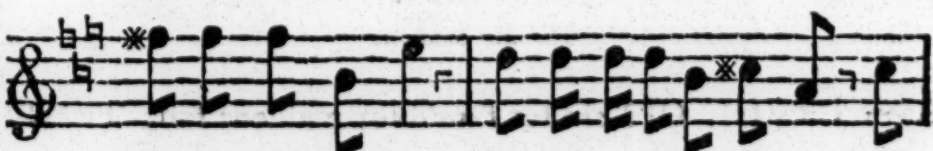
All me-lan-cho-ly lying, Thus



wail'd she for her dear, Repaid each blast with sighing, Each



billow with a tear. When o'er the wide waves stooping, His



floating corpse she spy'd, Then like a lil-y drooping, She

Largo affettuoso.



bow'd her head and dy'd.

**SONG LXVI. Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains. Prior.**

Set by mr. Gouge.



A—lex—is shunn'd his fel—low swains, Their ru—ral  
 sports and jocund strains. (Heav'n guard us all from  
 Cu—pids bow!) He lost his crook, he left his  
 flocks, And wand'ring thro' the lone—ly rocks, He  
 non—rish'd end—less woe.

**SONG LXVII. Hard by the hall, our masters house.**

No air known.

**SONG LXVIII. Of Leinster fam'd for maidens fair. Tickell.**

May be sung, with great propriety, to the fine old tune of The Children in the Wood. See the music in Class III. Song XLI. There is another air for it in the Musical Miscellany, Vol. I. p. 4. And one or two more it is believed may be found elsewhere. But as none of these compositions is either distinguishable for its merit or appears to be peculiarly connected with the words, the editor took the liberty to omit them.

**SONG LXIX. Come listen to my tender tale. Shenstone.**

No air known.

**CLASS II.**

## C L A S S   I I .

### SONG I. Fairest isle, all isles excelling. Dryden.

Set by mr. Henry Purcell.



Fairest isle, all isles ex—celling, Seat of



plea—sure and of love, Venus here will choofe her



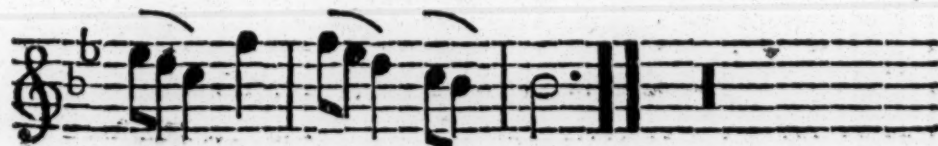
dwelling, And for—sake her Cy—prian grove. Cu—pid



from his fav'rite nation, Care and en—vy will re—



move; Jealou—fy, that poi—sons passion; And de—



spair that dies for love.



SONG II. Come thou rosy dimpled boy. Parrat,



Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry



Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry



Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry



heart-felt joy, Leave the blifsful bow'rs a-while,



heart-felt joy, Leave the blifsful bow'rs a-while,



heart-felt joy, Leave the blifsful bow'rs awhile,



Paphos and the Cyprian ifle; Vi-fit Britains



Paphos and the Cyprian ifle; Vi-fit Britains

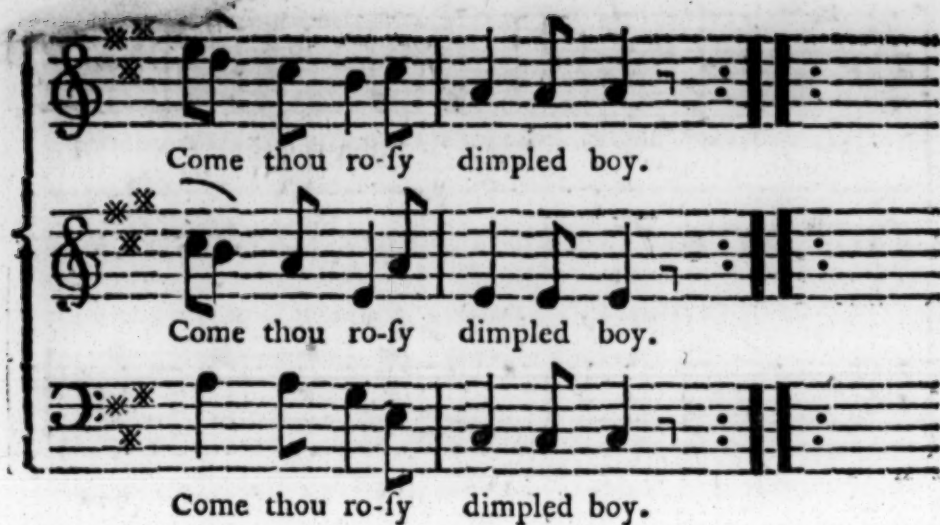


Paphos and the Cyprian ifle; Vi-fit Britains  
rocky

rocky shore, Britons too thy pow'r adore;

Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws and

yield to thee. Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,



Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

SONG III, Ask me not how calmly I.



Ask me not how calm—ly I All the cares of

life de—fy? How I baffle hu-man woes?

Woman, wo-man, wo—man knows. You may live and

laugh as I, You like me may care de—fy;

All the pangs the heart en—dures,

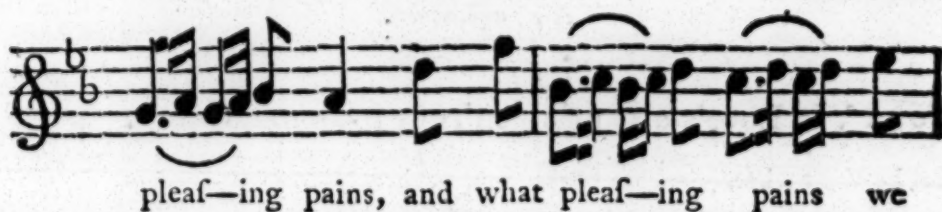
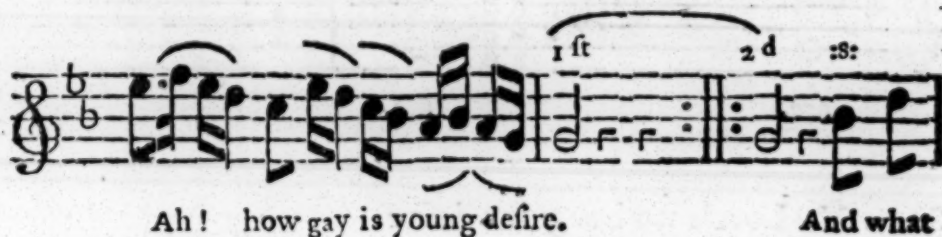
Woman,





SONG IV. Ah! how sweet it is to love. Dryden.

Set by mr. Henry Purcell.



all, all, all, all, other pleasures are. Pains of love are

sweet—er far, Than all, all, all, all,

other plea— fures

are. are.

**SONG V. Love's no irregular desire.**

Air unknown.

**SONG VI. Love's a gentle gen'rous passion, Carey.**

Set by the author.

Love's a gentle gen'—rous pas-sion, Source of

all sub-lime delight, When with mu—tual in—clin—

ation,



ation, Two fond hearts in one u—nite, Two fond



hearts in one u—nite.

SONG VII. O how vain is every blessing.

The music of this song has not been met with.

SONG VIII. Honest lover whatsoever. Suckling.

SONG IX. Tell me Damon, dost thou languish?

No airs-known.

SONG X. Come here fond youth, whoe'er thou be. Miss Aikin

Is supposed never to have been set, nor to have any tune.

SONG XI. A maxim this, amongst the wise.

No air known.

SONG XII. Over the mountains and over the waves:



Over the mountains and over the waves, Un—der the



fountains and under the graves, Under floods that are

deepest





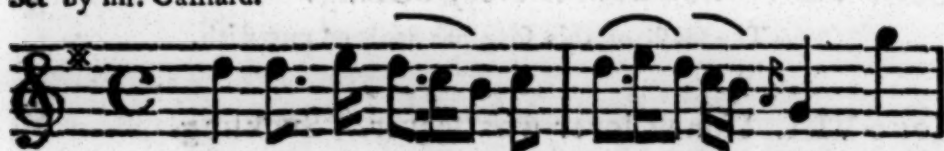
deepest, Which Neptune o—bey : Over rocks that are



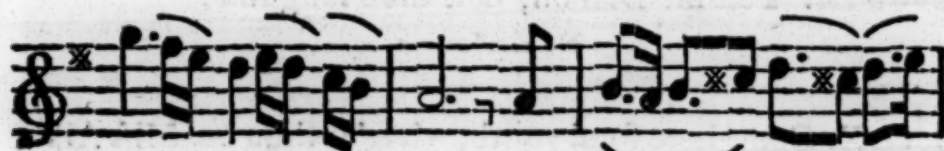
steepest, Love will find out the way.

**SONG XIII.** Oft on the troubled oceans face. Theobald.

Set by mr. Galliard.



Oft on the trou—bled o—ceans face, Loud



stormy winds a—rise; The mur-m'ring fur—ges



swell apace, And clouds ob—scure the skies.



But, when the tempests rage is o'er, Soft breezes smoothe the



main; The billows cease to lash the shore, And

all



all is calm again. Not so in fond and am'rous souls. If



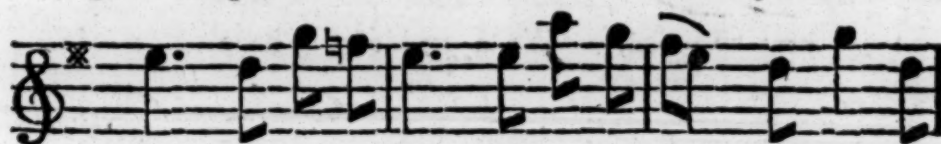
ty-rant Love once reigns, There one e-ter-nal



tempest rolls, And yields unceasing pains. Ah, cruel



god! our peace re—store, Or wound us with thy shafts no



more: Ah, cruel god! ah, cruel god! our peace re—



store, Or wound us with thy shafts no more.

SONG XIV. The flame of love asswages. Carey.

Air unknown.

SONG XV. Love's a dream of mighty treasure.

Set by dr. Arne.



Love's a dream of might—y treasure,

Which in  
fancy

fancy we pos-sess; In the fol-ly

lies the pleasure, Wisdom allways makes it

less. When in love by pas-sion

heat-ed, We a goddeſs have in

chace: Like Ix-i-on we are cheat-ed,

And an empt-y cloud em-

brace.

SONG XVI.



SONG XVI. Freedom is a real treasure. Wolfely.

Moderato.



Freedom is a real treasure, Love a dream, all



false and vain; Love a dream, all false and vain;



Short, uncer-tain is the pleasure, Sure and last-ing



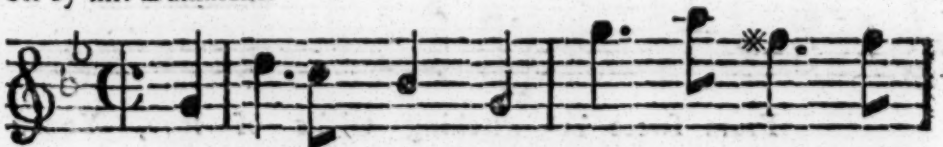
is the pain, Sure - - - and last——ing



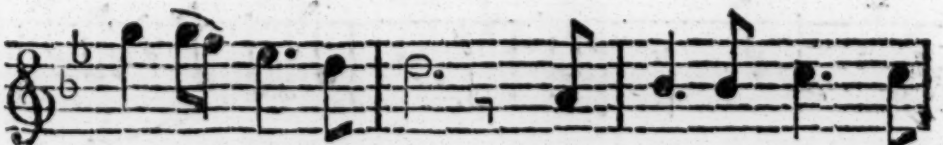
is the pain.

SONG XVII. Ye happy swains whose hearts are free. Etherego

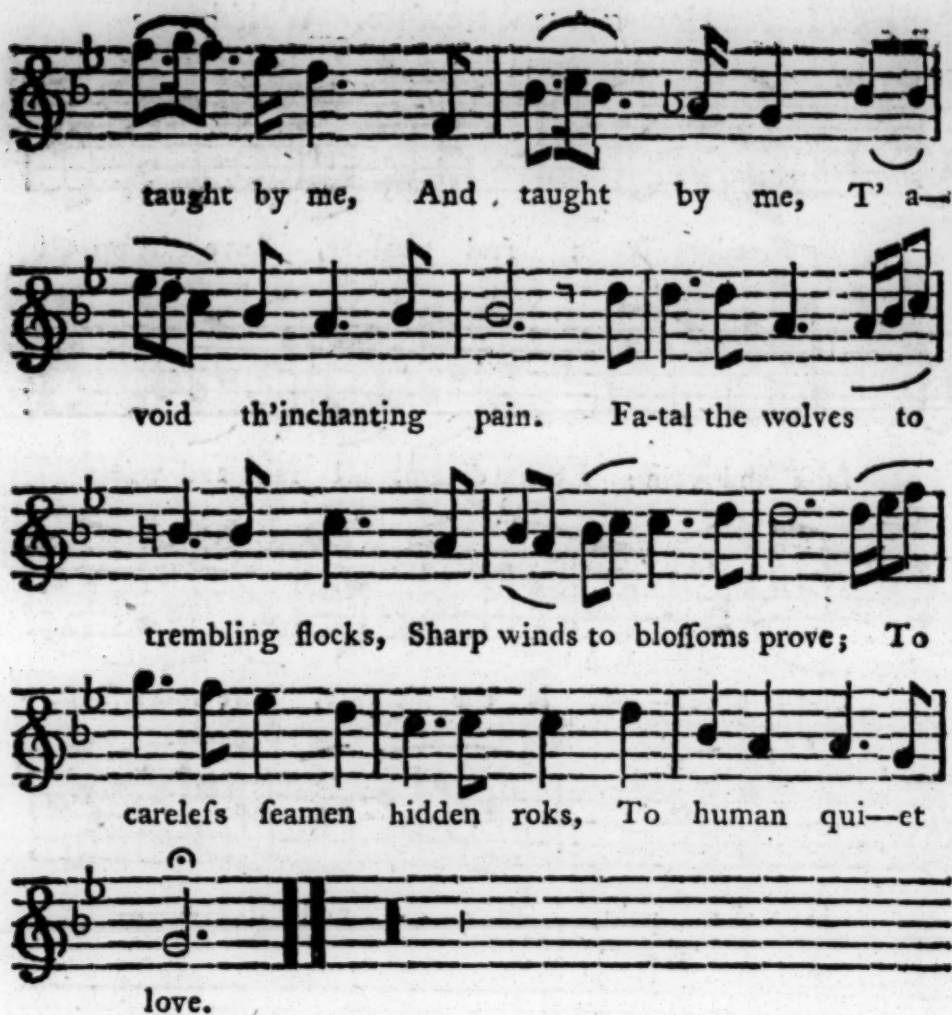
Set by mr. Damafene.



Ye hap-py swains whose hearts are free, From



loves im-pe-rial chain: Hence forth be warn'd and  
taught

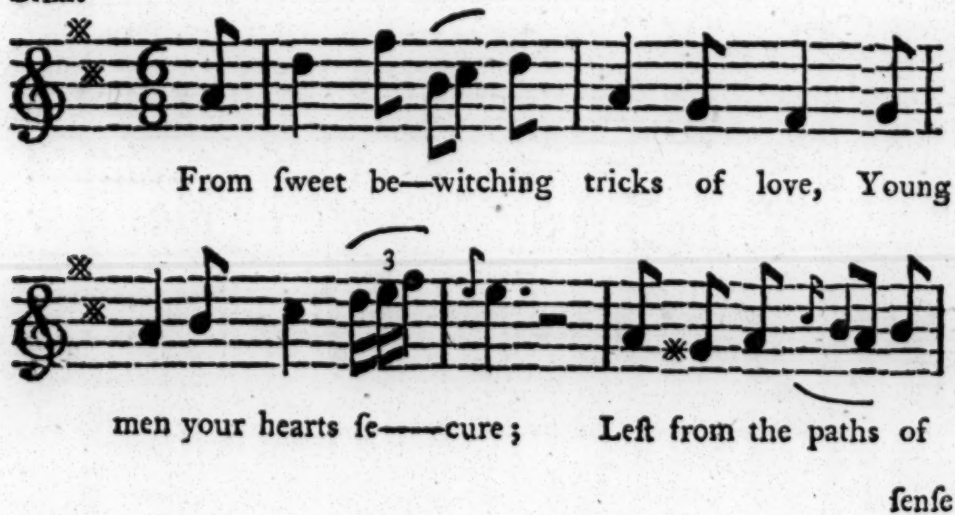


taught by me, And taught by me, T' a-  
void th'inchanting pain. Fa-tal the wolves to  
trembling flocks, Sharp winds to blossoms prove; To  
careless seamen hidden rocks, To human quiet  
love.

**SONG XVIII. From sweet bewitching tricks of love.**

Set by dr. Arne.

**Brisk.**



From sweet be—witching tricks of love, Young  
men your hearts se—cure; Left from the paths of  
sense



sense you rave, In dot-age pre-ma-ture. In



dotage pre-ma-ture. Look at each lass through



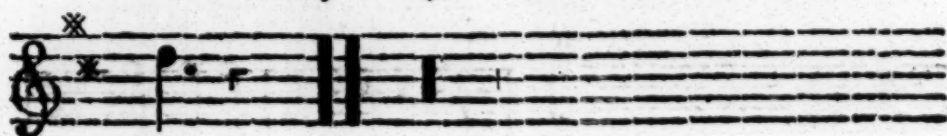
wisdoms glafs, Nor trust the na-ked eye; Gal-



lants beware, look sharp, take care! The



blind eat many a fly, The blind eat many a



fly.

SONG XIX. Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove.  
[Smart.]

Set by dr. Arne.

Recitative.



Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove, Sung of "The

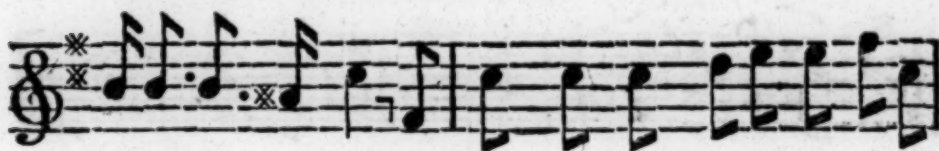
D

sweet





sweet bewitching tricks of love;" But soon he found he'd



fullied his renown, And arm'd each charming hearer with a



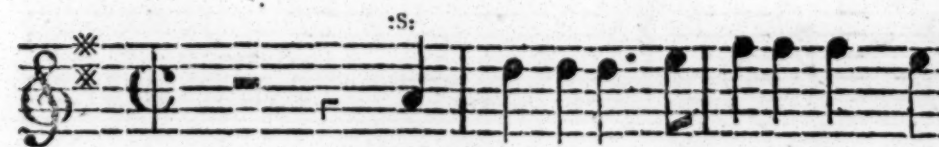
frown: Then self-condemn'd, self-condemn'd, anew his lyre he



strung, And in repentant strains, in repentant



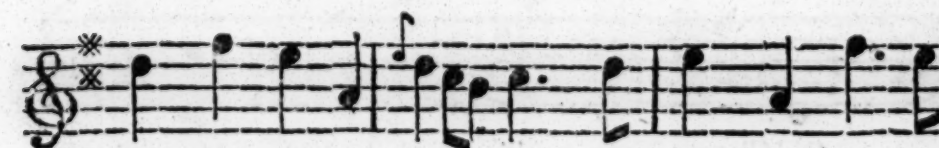
strains, This re-can-ta-tion sung:



Long since unto her native sky, Fled



heav'n—descend-ed con—stan-cy; Nought



now that's stable's to be had, The world's grown mu-ta-  
ble



ble and mad: Save women, they, we must confess, Are



miracles of steadfastness; And ev'ry witty, pretty,



witty, pretty, dame Bears for her motto, for her motto,



Bears for her motto STILL THE SAME.



The flow'rs that in the vale are seen, The white, the yellow,



blue and green. In brief complexion id—ly gay Still



set with ev'ry sett-ing day; Dispers'd by wind, or

D 2

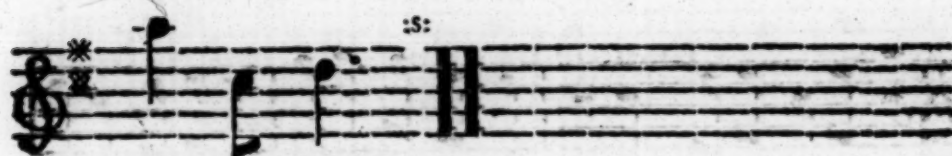
chill'd



chill'd by frost, Their odour's gone, their colour lost : But



what is true, though passing strange, The women never



fade or charge.

V. 3. To the common time movement.

V. 4. To the jig movement.



An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues, An



hundred pair of i-ron longs; Five heralds, and



five thousand cryers, With throats whose ac-cent



never tires, never tires, never tires; Ten speaking-trumpets,

of

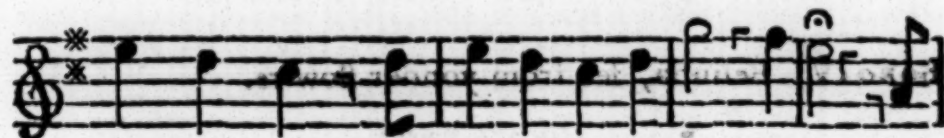




of a size, Would deafness with their din surprise,



Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say, Your



praise sweet nymphs shall sing and say, shall sing and say; And



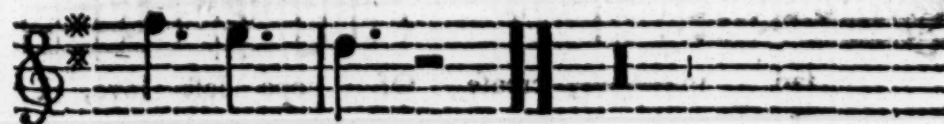
those that will believe it, may, may, Those that



will believe it, may. And those that will believe it, that



will believe it, may, and those that will believe it, be-



lieve it, may.

# CLASS III.

## SONG I. He that loves a rosy cheek. Carew.

Was set by Henry Lawes, whose compositions, however admirable they might be in his own age, will command very little respect in the present.

## SONG II. Vain are the charms of white and red. Pulteney.

## SONG III. Though, Flavia, to my warm desire.

## SONG IV. Belinda, see from yonder flow'rs.

No airs known.

## SONG V. It is not that I love you less. Waller.

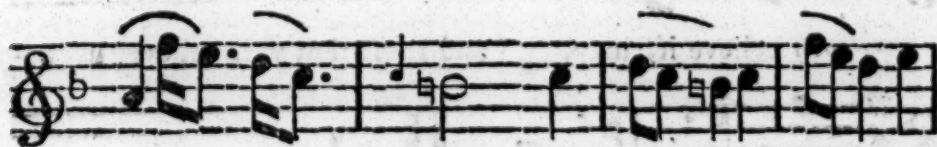
Appears to have been originally set by Henry Lawes. There are likewise notes to it by Mr. Oswald; but the following tune is the composition of Count St. Germain.



It is not that I love you less, Than when be-



fore your feet I lay: But, to pre—vent the



fad in—crease Of hope—less love, I



keep a—way. In vain, a — — — las! for

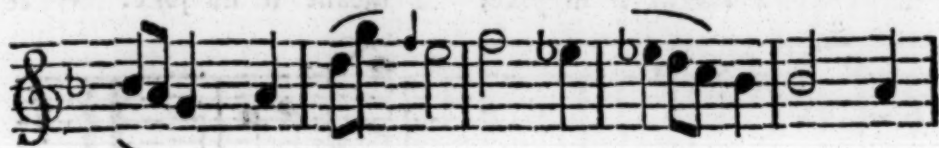
every



every thing, Which I have known be—long to



you, Your form does to my fancy bring, And makes my



old wounds bleed anew, And makes my old wounds



bleed a—new.

SONG VI. Yes, Daphne, in your face I find.

No air known.

SONG VII. In Chloris all soft charms agree. How.

Set by mr. Henry Purcell; but the music was not judged worth inserting.

SONG VIII. You say, at your feet I have wept in despair.

[ Mendez.

Set by dr. Boyce.



You say, at your feet I have wept in de-spair, And



vow'd that no angel was ev- - er so fair: How could you be-

D 4

lieve

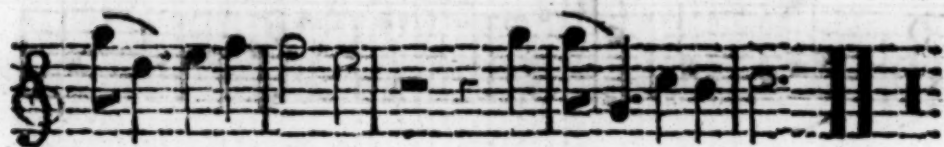




lieve all the nonsense I spoke? What know we of angels?—



I meant it in joke, I meant it in joke. What



know we of angels?—

I meant it in joke.

SONG IX. Know Celia, (since thou art so proud.) Carew.

No air known.

SONG X. Why d'ye with such disdain refuse. Vanbrook.

Set by mr. Leveridge.



Why d'ye with such dis-dain refuse, An humble lovers



plea? Since heav'n denies you pow'r to chuse, You



ought to value me, Ungrateful mistress of a heart Which

I fo



I so free—ly gave, Though weak your bow, though



blunt your dart, I soon resign'd your slave.

SONG XI. Once more Loves mighty charms are broke. Sedley.  
Not known.

SONG XII. Come, let us now resolve at last. D. of Buckingham.  
No airs known.

SONG XIII. False though she be to me and love. Congreve.  
Was set by a mr. Gunn, but his music is not worth preserving, and no other air has been met with.

SONG XIV. If 'tis joy to wound a lover. Addison.

Set by dr. Arnold.

Andantino.



If 'tis joy to wound a lover, How much



more to give him ease, When his passion you dis-



cover, Ah! how pleasing 'tis to please. If 'tis

joy



joy to wound a lo-ver, How much more to give him



ease, When his passion you dis—cover? Ah! how



pleas-ing 'tis to please, Ah! how pleas-ing 'tis to



please. The blifs re—turns, and we re-



ceive trans-ports great--er than we give. The blifs re-



turns, and we re—ceive transports great--er than we



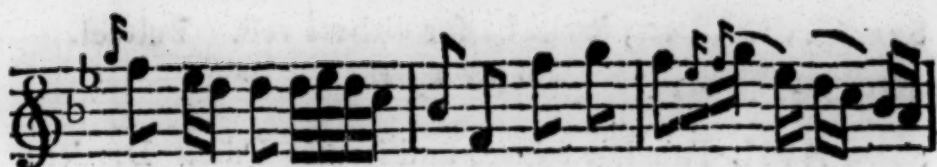
give. If 'tis joy to wound a lover, How much



more to give him ease, When his

passion





pas--sion you dis—cover? Ah! how pleas—ing 'tis to



please. The blifs re—turns and we re--ceive transports



greater than we give. The blifs re—turns and we re-



ceive transports great—er than we give. — — D. C.

**SONG XV. Away with these self-loving lads. Lord Brooke.**

Set by mr. Dowland, the lutanist. (about 1600).



A-way with these self-loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow



never glads! A—way poor souls, that sigh and weep, For



love of those that lye asleep! For Cupid is a



mer-ry god, And forceth none to kifs the rod.

XVI. Chloris

SONG XVI. Cloris, 'twill be for eithers rest. Bulteel.

No air known.

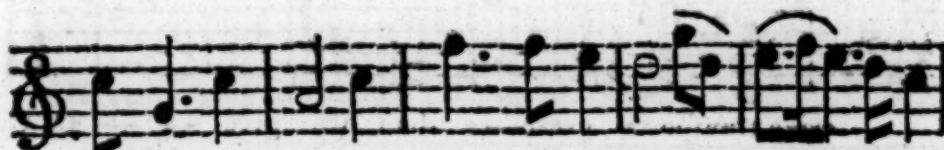
SONG XVII. Fair Iris I love, and hourly I die. Dryden.



Fair I-ris I love and hourly I die, But



not for a lip nor a languishing eye; She's



fickle and false, and there we agree, For I am as



false and as fic-kle as she; We nei--ther be-



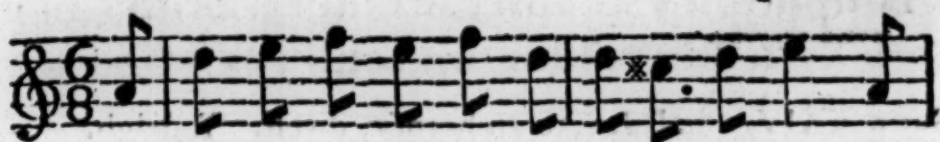
lieve what ei--ther can say, and nei--ther be-



liev--ing we neither be--tray.

SONG XVIII.

SONG XVIII. I love thee, by heavens, I cannot say more.  
[Concanen.]



I love thee, by heavens, I can-not say more; Then



set not my passion a cool-ing; If thou



yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee o'er, For



I'm but a nov—ice at fool—ing.

SONG XIX. I'm not one of your fops, who to please a coy  
[lass. Budgell.  
Air unknown.

SONG XX. Let not Love on me bestow. Steel.

Was set, in a most laboured mechanical manner, by Daniel Purcell, for Mrs. Harris; but his music was not thought worthy of insertion. It is preserved in the 6th volume of Duffeys Pills to purge melancholy.

SONG XXI. Give me more love, or more disdain. Carew.

Was originally set by Henry Lawes. (See his *Ayres and Dialogues*, book 2d. fol. 1669.

SONG XXII. If love be life, I long to die. Davison.

No air known.

SONG XXIII.



**SONG XXIII.** Shall I, wasting in despair. Wither.

The original music is not known; and of the later airs none appeared worth copying.

**SONG XXIV.** Shall I, like an hermit, dwell. Raleigh.

Not known.

**SONG XXV.** Why so pale and wan, fond lover? Suckling.

Sung by mrs. Crofs in the Mock Astrologer: Set by mr. Ramondon. It was likewise set by dr. Arne, but the work of neither composer appeared to be worthy of insertion.

**SONG XXVI.** Ye little Loves, that round her wait.



Ye lit—tle loves that round her wait, To



bring me tid—ings of my fate, As Ce—lia

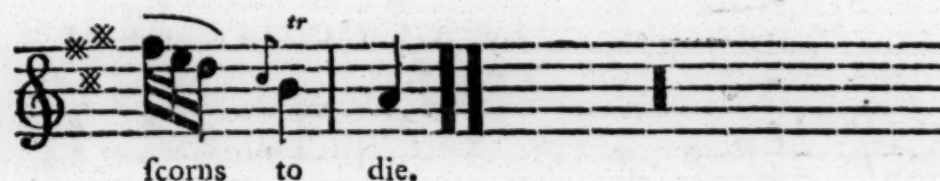


on her pil—low lies, Ah! gent—ly



whisper Stre--phon dies. If this will

not



SONG XXVII. 'Tis now since I sat down before. Suckling.  
Air unknown.

SONG XXVIII. The merchant to secure his treasure. Prior.  
Was poorly set by dr. Green. The following music is by mr. Jackson,  
of Exeter.

Recitative.



Andant. Allegro.



phelia



phe—lia serves to grace my measure, But



Chloe is my re—al flame. My



soft-est verse, my darling lyre, Up—on Eu-phe-lias



toi—let lay, When Chlo-e not—ed



her desire. That I should sing, that I should play.



My lyre I tune, my voice I raise, But



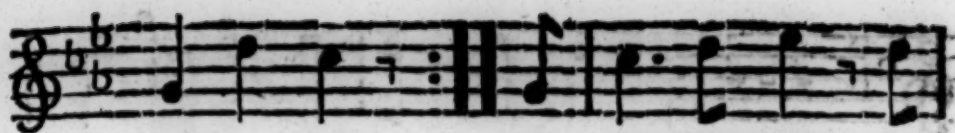
with my num—bers, mix my sighs; And



whilst I sing Eu-phe-lias praise, I fix my soul on

Chloes





Chloes eyes. Fair Chlo—e blush'd, Eu-



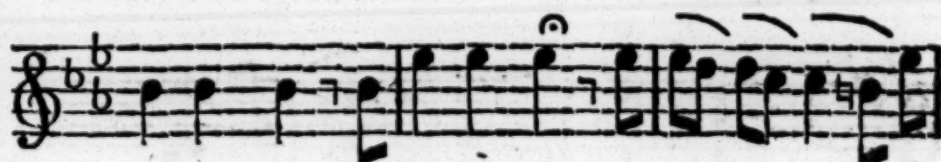
phe—lia frown'd; I fung, and gaz'd, I



play'd and trembled; And Ve—nus to the



Loves a-round, Remark'd how ill we all dissembled. Fair



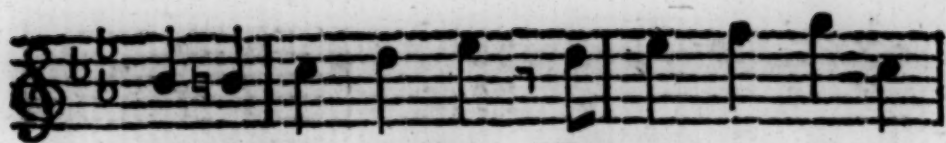
Chloe blush'd, Euphe-lia frown'd, I fung, I gaz'd, I



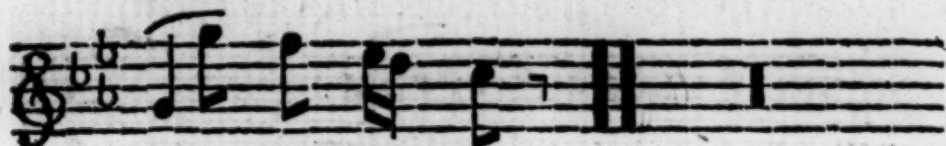
play'd, I trembled, And Venus to the Loves a-round re-



mark'd, how ill we all dis-fem-bled. And Venus



to the Loves a-round, Remark'd how ill we



all dis—sem—bled.

SONG XXIX. In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest. Yonge.

Set by mr. Dieupart.



In vain, dear Chlo—e, you suggest, That



I in-con-stant have poss-ess'd, Or lov'd a fair—er



she; Would you, with ease, at once be cur'd Of



all the ills you've long en—dur'd, Con-



sult your glafs and me.

SONG XXX.

SONG XXX. Should some perverse malignant star,

No air known.

SONG XXXI. Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!  
[Prior.]

This has been set, but no air of merit has occurred.

SONG XXXII. When gentle Celia first I knew. Miss Aikin.

Never set.

SONG XXXIII. I grant, a thousand oaths I swore. Bulteel.

SONG XXXIV. Margarita first possess'd. Cowley.

SONG XXXV. Why we love, and why we hate. Philips.

No airs known.

SONG XXXVI. Tom loves Mary passing well.



Tom loves Mary passing well, And Mary she loves



Har—ry, But Harry fights for bon—ny Bell, And

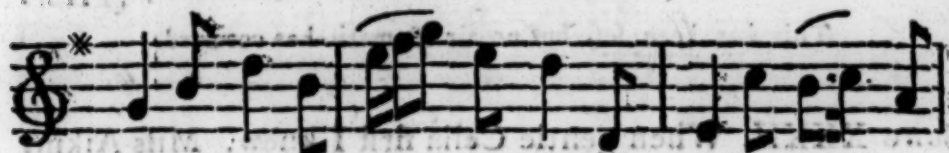


finds his love mis—car—ry; For bon—ny Bell for

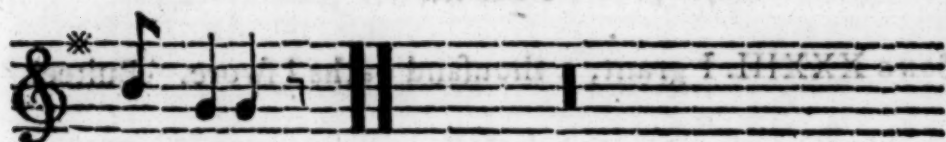




Tho-mas burns, Whilst Mary flights his pas-sion : So



strangely freakish are the turns Of human in-cli-



na-tion.

SONG XXXVII. Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young  
[swain.



Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain, To a



beautiful shepherd-ess cros-ing the plain ; Why



so much in haste? (now the month it was May) Shall I



venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way? Shall I

venture



venture to ask you fair maid—en, which way? Then



straight to this question the nymph did re-ply, With a



smile on her look and a leer in her eye, I am



come from the village, and homeward I go; And



now gentle shepherd, pray why would you know?

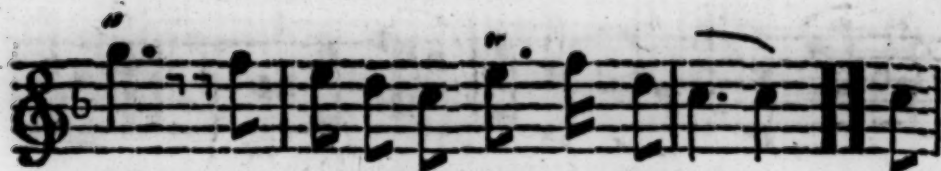
SONG XXXVIII. A courting I went to my love.



A court-ing I went to my love, Who is



sweeter than roses in May; And when I came to her, by



Jove, The de-vil a word could I say. I



walk'd with her in-to the gar-den, There fully intending to



woo her; But may I be ne'er worth a farthing, If of



love I said a--ny thing to her.

SONG XXXIX. Distracted with care. Walslh.

Air unknown.

SONG XL. My name is honest Harry.

The tune is *Robin Rowser*, which has not been met with.

SONG XLI. My passion is as mustard strong. Gay?

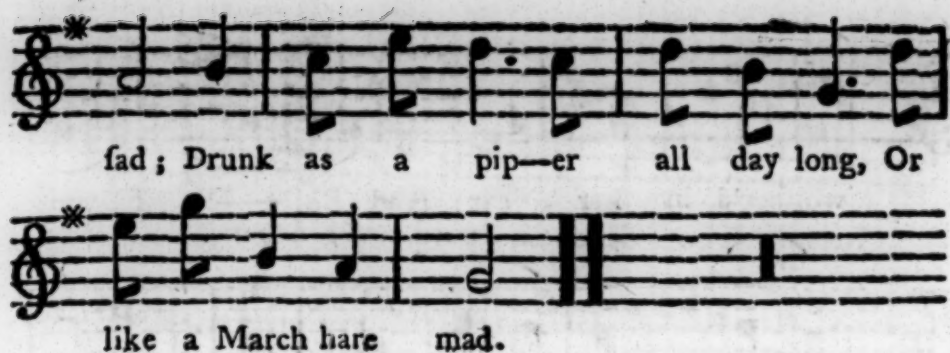
Tune, *Babes in the wood*.



My pas-sion is as mustard strong, I sit all sober

fad,





SONG XLII. A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall.  
See the tune in Part III. Song. LXI.

# C L A S S IV.

SONG I. As Amoret with Phillis fat. Sedley.

Vivace.

As A—mo—ret with Phil—lis fat, One  
evening on the plain, And saw the charming  
Stre—phon wait, To tell the Nymph his pain.  
The threat'-ning dan—ger to re—move, She  
whisper'd



whisper'd in her ear; Ah! Phil—lis, if you



would not love, This shepherd do not hear, This shep-

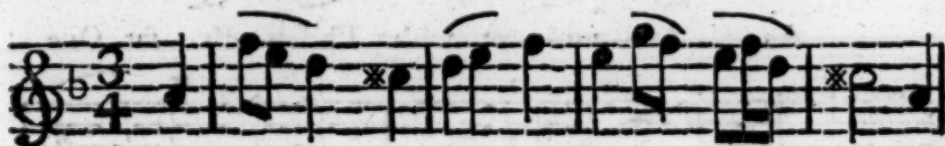


herd do not hear.

SONG II. When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep. Etherege.

Air unknown.

SONG III. From place to place forlorn I go. Steel.



From place to place for—lorn I go, With



down—-cast eyes, a si—lent shade; For—bidden



to de—clare my woe; To speak, 'till



spok—en to, a—-fraid.

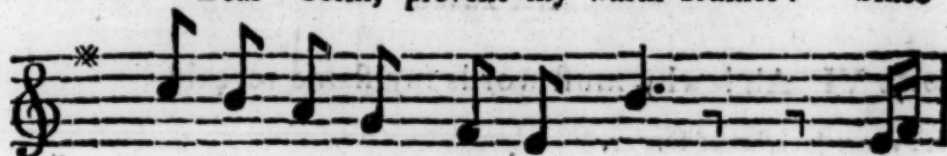
SONG IV.

SONG IV. Dear Colin prevent my warm blushes. L. M. W.  
Montague.

Set by mr. Lampe.



Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes! Since



how can I speak without pain? My



eyes have oft told you my wishes, Oh



can't you their meaning explain? My



pas-sion would lose by expression, And



you too might cru-el-ly blame; Then

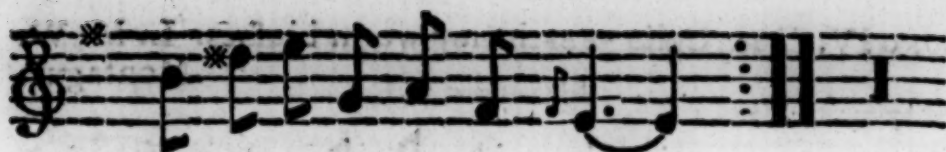


don't you ex-pect a con-fes-sion Of



what is too ten-der to name, Of  
what





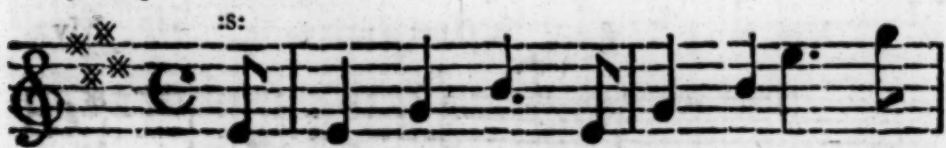
what is too ten-der to name.

SONG V. If love and reason ne'er agree.

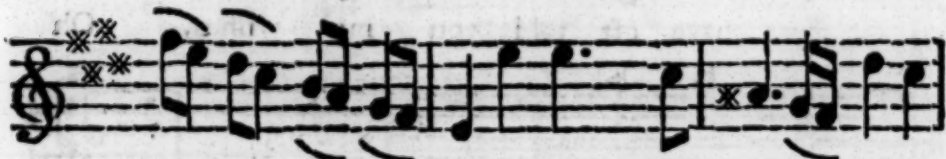
Not known.

SONG VI. Ah! why must words my flame reveal?

Set by mr. Jackson of Exeter.



Ah why must words my flame reveal, Why



needs my Damon bid me tell, What all my actions



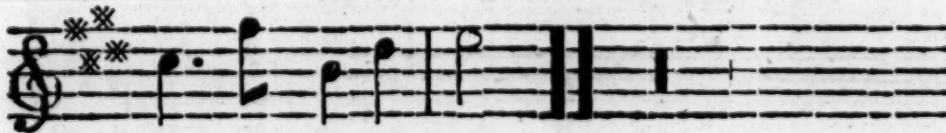
prove? A blush whene'er I meet his eye, When-



e'er I hear his name, a sigh Betrays my secret



love. When-e'er I hear his name, a sigh Be-



trays my secret love.

SONG VII.

SONG VII. If Cupid once the mind possess.

Air not met with.

SONG VIII. How hardly I conceal'd my tears. Mrs. Wharton.

No air known.

SONG IX. Boast not mistaken swain thy art.

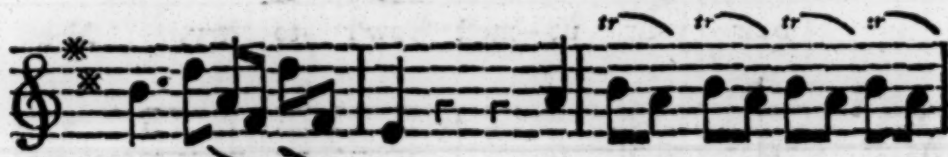
Moderato. :S:



Boast not mistaken swain thy art To please my par-tial



Eyes; The charms that have subdued my heart An-



other may despise. The charms that have sub-



dued my heart An—o—ther may despise.

SONG X. Too plain, dear youth, those tell-tale eyes. Jenyns.

Set by mr. Howard.



Too plain, dear youth, these tell tale eyes My

heart

heart your own de—clare; But,

for heav'ns sake, let it suf—fice, you

reign tri—um—phant there. For—

bear your ut—most pow'r to try, Nor

far—ther urge your sway; Presu

not for what I must deny, For

fear I should obey, For

fear I should obey.

SONG XI.

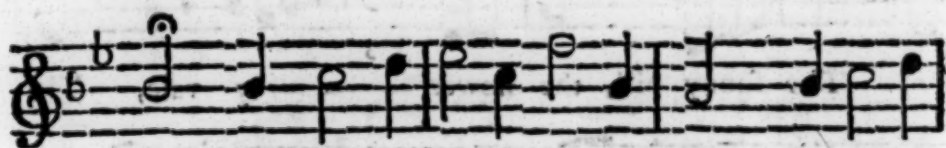


SONG XI. Ah, false Amyntas! can that hour. Mrs. Behn.

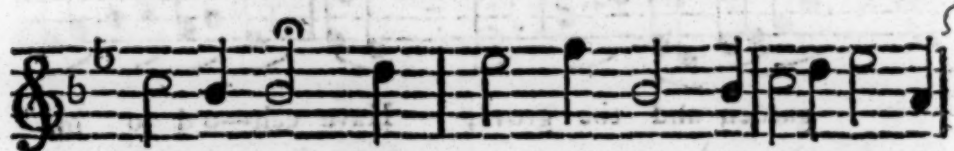
Set by mr. Robert Smith.



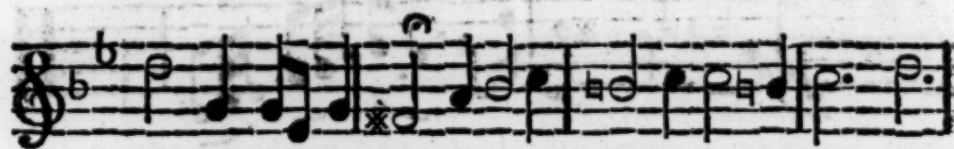
Ah, false Amyntas! can that hour So soon forgotten



be, When first I yielded up my power, To be be-



tray'd by thee? Heav'n knows with how much innocence, I



did my heart re-sign, Unto thy faithless e-loquence, And



gave thee what was mine.

SONG XII. When Damon languish'd at my feet. Moore.

Set by mr. Ofwald.



When Damon languish'd at my feet, And



I be-liev'd him true, The moments of de-  
light



light how sweet, But ah! how swift they flew!



The sunny hill, the flower — — — y vale, The



garden and the grove, Have ech—o'd to his



ar—dent tale, And vows of end - - less love.

SONG XIII. On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt.  
[Miss M. Jones.]

Was originally set by Mr. Lampe. But the following is the more favourite music, composed by Mr. Howard.



On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess



dwelt, Who no pangs of am—bition or love had e'er

felt



felt: For a few fo—ber maxims still ran in her



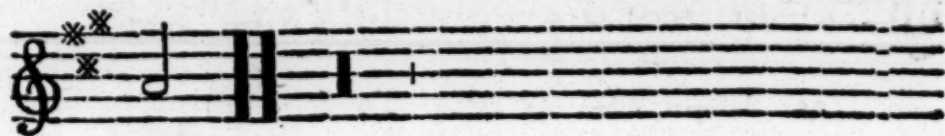
head, That 'twas better to earn, ere she eat her brown



bread: That to rise with the lark was con—ducive to



health; And to folks in a cottage con—tent—ment was



wealth.

SONG XIV. When lovely woman stoops to folly. Goldsmith.  
No air.

CLASS V.



# CLASS V.

## SONG I. Sweet are the charms of her I love. Booth.

Set by mr. Leveridge.



Sweet are the charms of her I love, More fragrant



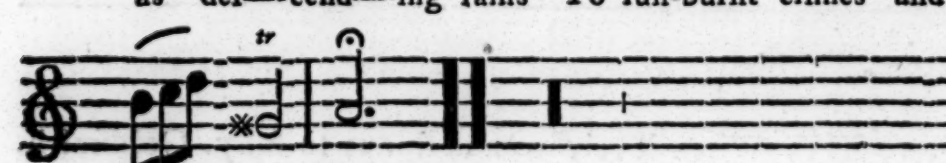
than the da—mask rose, Soft as the down of turtle-



dove, Gentle as wind when Ze-phyr blows; Re-fresh-ing



as def—cend—ing rains To sun-burnt climes and



thirsty plains.

## SONG II. My days have been so wond'rous free. Parnell.

This song has been set by mr. Jackson of Exeter, whose music will be found among the airs to the additional pieces, (*Ab cruel maid how hast thou chang'd*) The following seem to be the original notes.



My days have been so won—d'rous free, The  
little

little birds that fly With careless ease from  
tree to tree, Were but as blest'd as I. Ask  
gliding waters, if a tear Of mine increas'd their  
stream, Or ask the flying gales, if e'er I lent, I  
lent a sigh to them.

SONG III. Stella, darling of the muses. Mrs. Pilkington.

"To a celebrated air in Demetrius."

Stella, darling of the Muses, Fairer than the  
blooming spring; Sweetest theme the poet chooses,  
When



When of thee he strives to sing, When of thee he  
 strives to sing. While my soul with wonder trac—es  
 All thy charms of face and mind, All the beauties,  
 all the graces of thy sex in thee I find,  
 Of thy sex in thee I find.

SONG IV. When Delia on the plain appears. L. Lyttelton.  
 Set by Mr. Holcombe.



When Delia on the plain appears, Aw'd  
 by a thou—sand tender fears, I would ap—  
 proach





proach but dare not move: Tell me, my heart, if



this be love? Tell me, tell me, my heart, if



this be love?

SONG V. As he lay in the plain, his arm under his head.

SONG VI. Dejected as true converts die. D. of Buckingham.

SONG VII. Sighing and languishing I lay. Ditto.

SONG VIII. Phillis, men say that all my vows. Sedley:

No airs known.

SONG IX. I told my nymph, I told her true. Shenstone.

Set by mr. Joseph Harris, organist of Ludlow.



I told my nymph, I told her true, My



fields were small, my flocks were few, My

fields were small, my flocks were few; While  
 fault'ring accents spoke my fear, That Flavia  
 might not prove sin—cere, While fault'ring  
 accents spoke my fear, That Flavia might not  
 prove sin—cere.

**SONG X. O had I been by fate decreed. Baker.**

Set by mr. Abiel Whichello. (It may be also sung to dr. Howards tune in Love in a Village.)

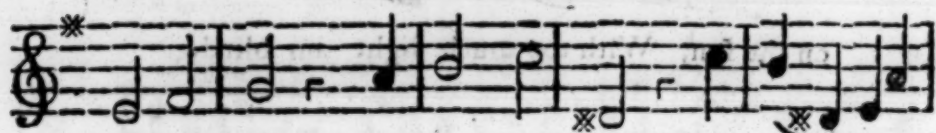
O had I been by fate decreed Some humble.  
 cottage swain, In Rosa—lindas fight to feed My  
 sheep



sheep up—on the plain; How happy would those



days have pass'd, Which now are fill'd with woe! You



envious pow'rs! why have you plac'd My fair ones



lot so low?

### SONG XI. We all to conquering beauty bow.

Set by dr. John Blow.



We all to conqu'ring beauty bow, Its



pleasing pow'r admire; But I ne'er knew a face till now That



could like yours in—spire: Now I may say, I've

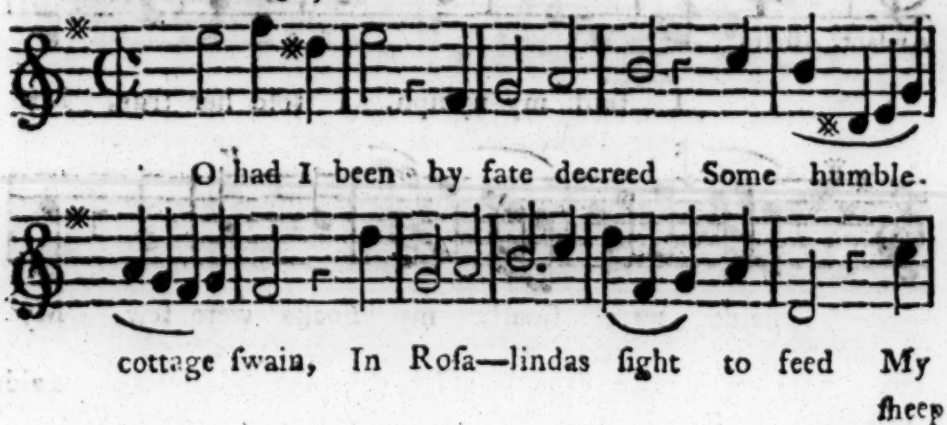




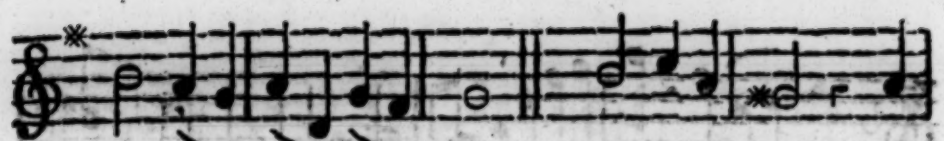
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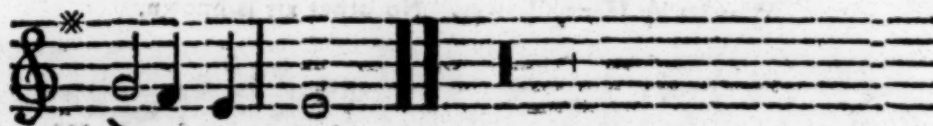
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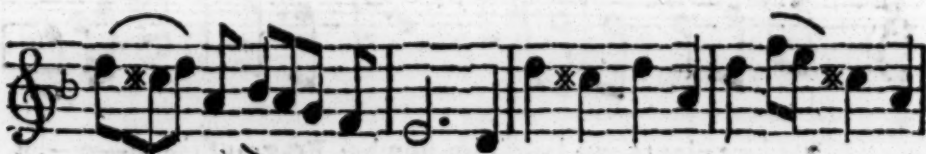
lot so low?

### SONG XI. We all to conquering beauty bow.

Set by dr. John Blow.



We all to conqu'ring beauty bow, Its



pleasing pow'r admire; But I ne'er knew a face till now That



could like yours in—spire: Now I may say, I've



met with one Amazes all mankind; And, like men gaz—ing



on the fun, With too much light am blind.

**SONG XII.** Tell me not I my time mispend. Eaton.

Was set by Henry Lawes. No other air is known.

**SONG XIII.** Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes. Woty.

*Allegretto*



Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes The



verdant plants and laughing flow'rs; Fragrant the vi—o—let



as it blooms, And sweet the bloss—oms after show'rs,

Fragrant





Fragrant the vi--o--let as it blooms, And



sweet the blossoms af—ter show'rs, And



sweet the blossoms, sweet the blossoms, And



sweet the blossoms af—ter show'rs: Sweet is the soft the



funny breeze, That fans the golden orange grove; But



oh! how sweeter far than these, The kisses are of



her I love, But oh! how sweeter far than these The



kisses are of her I love, The kisses are



of her I love, The kisses are of



her I love.

SONG XIV. For me my fair a wreath has wove. Garrick.

Set by mr. Giardini.

Siciliana.



For me my fair a wreath has wove, Where rival flow'rs in



union meet, Where rival flow'rs in union meet; As



oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her breath gave sweetness

to



to the sweet, As oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her



breath gave sweetness to the sweet, Her breath gave sweetness



to the sweet.

SONG XV. Cease to blame my melancholy. Moore.

No air.

SONG XVI. That which her slender waist confin'd. Waller,

Air unknown.

SONG XVII. Let the ambitious ever find. E. of Dorset.

The only notes to this song which have been discovered possess too little merit to intitle them to a place in this collection.

SONG XVIII. Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he. Philips.

Was set by a mr. Stubbley, and (doubtless in a masterly stile) by mr. Jackson of Exeter. It is however more usually sung to the following very beautiful Scotch

Tune : *I wish my love were in a mire.*



Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he, The

youth





youth who fondly sits by thee, And



hears and sees thee, all the while, Softly speak, and



sweetly smile. 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest, And



rais'd such tumults in my breast; For while I gaz'd, in



transport tofs'd, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

SONG XIX. My goddess Lydia, heav'nly fair. E. of Rochester,



My god—ess Lydia, heav'n—ly fair, As



lilies sweet, as soft as air; Let

loose



loose thy tresses, spread thy charms, And



to my love give fresh alarms.

SONG XX. On Belvideras bosom lying.

Air unknown.

SONG XXI. To be gazing on those charms. Carey.

Set by the author.



To be gaz—ing on those charms,



To be fold—ed in those arms,



To u—nite my lips with those



Whence e—tern—al sweetness flows; To be  
lov'd



lov'd by one so fair, Is to be blest' — — — d be-



yond com—pare.

**SONG XXII. The bird that hears her nestlings cry.**

*Moderato.*



The bird that hears her nestlings cry, And



flies abroad for food, Re—turns im—pa—tient



through the sky, To nurse the callow brood. The



tender mother knows no joy, But bodes a thousand



harms, And sickens for the darling boy, While  
absent





ab— — — sent from her arms.

SONG XXIII. From all uneasy passions free. D. of Buckingham.  
No air known.

SONG XXIV. Once more I'll tune the vocal shell. Garrick.



Once more I'll tune the vo—cal shell, To



hills and dales my pas—sion tell; A



flame which time can nev - - - er quell, That



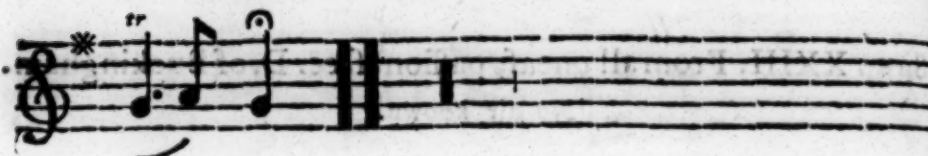
burns for love—ly Pegg—y. Yet greater bards the



lyre should hit; For say what subject is more fit, Than



to record the fa—cred wit, And bloom of lovely



Pegg—y?

**SONG XXV. The filver moons enamour'd beam. Cunningham.**

Set by mr. Battifhill.



The filver moons en—amour'd beam Steals



soft—ly through the night, To



wanton with the wind—ing stream, And



kiss re—flect—ed light To beds of down go

balmy



balm—y sleep, ('Tis where you've seldom been) Mays



vi—gil while the shep—herds keep, With



Kate of Ab—er—deen, With Kate of Ab—er—



deen, With Kate of Ab—er—deen.

SONG XXVI. The western sky was purpled o'er. Shenstone.

Set by mr. Dibdin.



Recitative.

The west—ern sky was purpled



o'er, With ev'ry pleasing ray; And flocks re-



viving felt no more, The sultry heats of day: When, from an

hazles





ha—zles art—lefs bow'r, Soft



warbled Stre—phons tongue, He blefs'd the



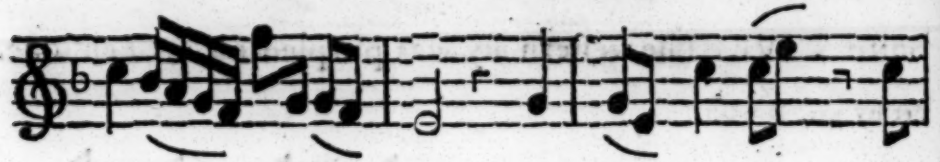
scene, he blefs'd the hour, While Nancys praise he fung.

*Allegro.*

*Moderato.*



Let fops with fickle falshood range The



paths of wanton love, While weeping maids la—



ment the change, And fad—en ev'—ry



grove: But endless blessings crown the day. I

faw fair Eshams dale And ev'ry blessing  
find its way, To Nan—cy of the  
Vale.

SONG XXVII. Not, Celia, that I juster am. Sedley.

SONG XXVIII. Not the soft sighs of vernal gales. Johnson.  
No airs known.

SONG XXIX. The gentle swan with graceful pride. Cun-  
ningham.

Set by dr. Arne.

Andante.  
The gentle swan, with graceful pride, Her  
glossy plumage laves, And sailing down the  
sil—ver tide, Divides the whisp'ring  
waves,



waves - - - Divides the whisp'ring



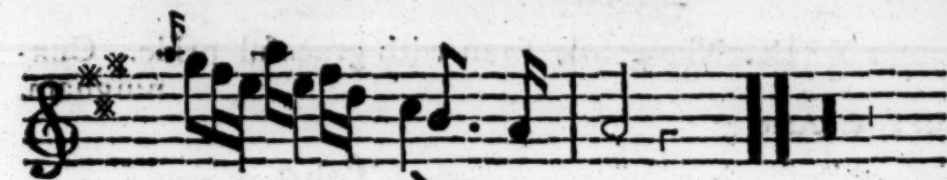
waves. The silver tide - - , that wand'ring flows, Sweet,



sweet to the bird must be! But not so sweet, blithe



Cupid knows, As Delia is to me, As



De - - - lia is to me.

SONG XXX. If wine and music have the pow'r. Prior,  
Air unknown.

SONG XXXI. Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses. Hanbury  
[Williams?]

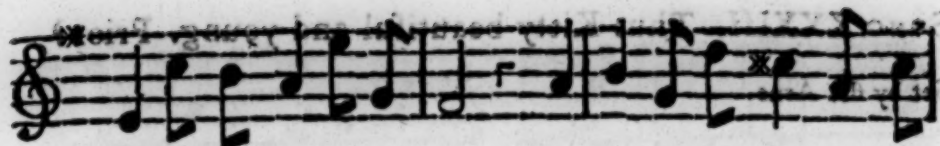
Brisk.



Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses, For

sweeter





sweeter sure girl ever gave; But why, in the midst of my



blisses, Do you ask me how many I'd



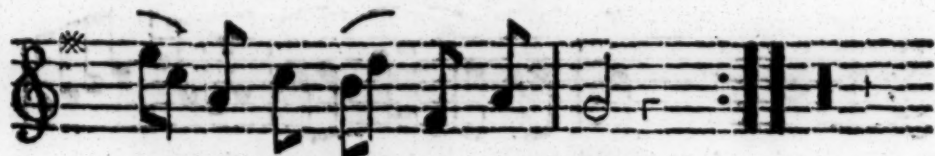
have? I'm not to be stinted in



pleasure, Then prithee, my charmer, be kind, For,



whilst I love thee beyond mea—sure, To



numbers I'll ne'er be con—fin'd.

SONG XXXII. When charming Teraminta sings.

Air unknown.

G<sub>2</sub>

SONG XXXIII

SONG XXXIII. Thus Kitty beautiful and young. Prior?

Set by dr. Arne.

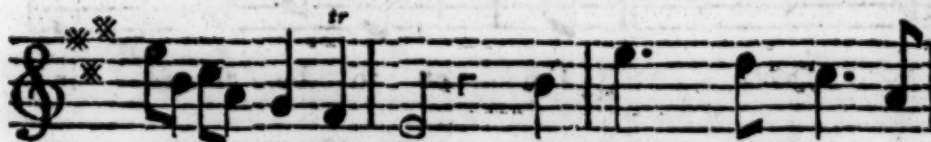


Andante Allegro.

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young, and wild as colt un-



tam'd; Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung, With



little rage inflam'd: In-flam'd with rage at



sad restraint, Which wise mama ordain'd, And



forely vex'd to play the saint, Whilst wit and beauty



reign'd, Whilst wit and beauty reign — —





—'d And forely vex'd to play the faint, Whilst



wit and beauty reign'd.

SONG XXXVI. Stella and Flavia, ev'ry hour. Mrs. Pilkington.



Stella and Flavia, ev'—ry hour, Do various



hearts fur—prize; In Stellas soul lies all her



pow'r, And Flavias in her eyes. In Stellas



soul lies all her pow'r, And Flavias in her





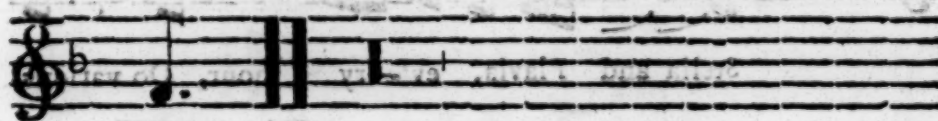
eyes. More bound—less Flavia's conquests



are, And Stellas more con—fin'd; All can dis—cern a



face that's fair, But few a lovely



mind.

SONG XXXV. The shape alone let others prize. Akenfide.

No air known.

SONG XXXVI. When innocence and beauty meet.



When innocence and beauty meet, To add to lovely



female grace. Ah, how beyond ex—pression sweet Is  
ev'ry



ev'—ry fea—ture of the face. By



virtue, ripen'd from the bud, The flow'r an—ge—lic



odours breeds, The fragrant charms of being good, Makes



gawdy vice to smell like weeds.

SONG XXXVII. My dear mistress has a heart. E. of Rochester.

Set by dr. Arne.



My dear mistress has a heart, Soft as



those kind looks she gave me, When with loves re-



fift—lefs art,

And her eyes she



did en—slave me.

But her con—stan—



cy's fo weak, She is fo wild and apt to



wander, That my jealous heart would break, That my



jealous heart would break, Should we live one



day a—fun—der.

SONG XXXVIII.



SONG XXXVIII. No more of my Harriot, of Polly no more.

[Smart.

Set by dr. Arne.



No more of my Harriot, of Polly no more, No



all the bright beauties that charm'd me before; My-



self for a slave to gay Venus I've sold, And



barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold: I'll



throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks, And will



sing to my lads with the golden locks. I'll



throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks, And will



sing to my lads with the golden locks.

SONG XXXIX.

**Song XXXIX. Yes I'm in love, I feel it now: Whitehead.**

Set by dr. Arne.



Gently.

Yes I'm in love, I feel it now, And



Ce-lia has un-done me, And



Ce-lia has un-done me; And yet I'll swear, I



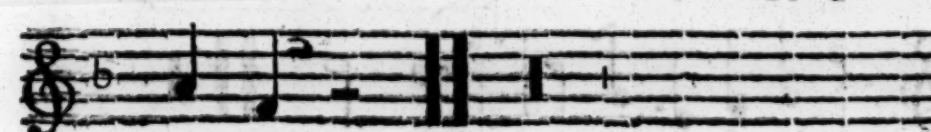
can't tell how, The pleasing plague stole on me: And



yet I'll swear I can't tell how The



pleasing plague stole on me, The pleasing plague stole



on me.

**SONG XL.**

ad. Song XL. Of all the girls that are so smart. Carey.

Set by the author.



Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like



pretty Sally; She is the darling of my



heart, And she lives in our alley.



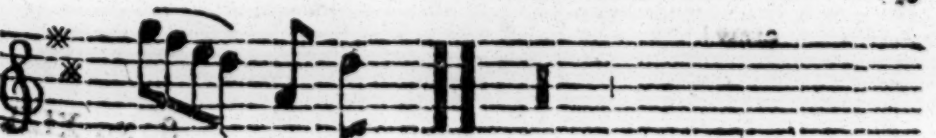
There's ne'er a la—dy in the



land, Is half so sweet as Sally;



She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in



our alley.

SONG XLI.



**SONG XLI. All in the downs the fleet was moor'd. Gay.**

Set by mr. Leveridge.



All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The



streamers waving in the wind, When black-ey'd Susan



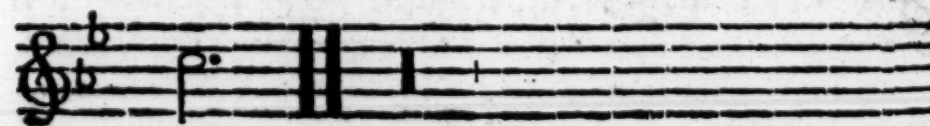
came onboard. Oh! where shall I my true love find?



Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true, If my sweet



William, If my sweet William fails a—mong the

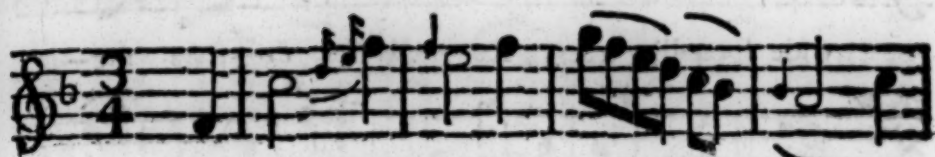


crew!

**SONG XLII.**

SONG XLII. Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray, Steel?

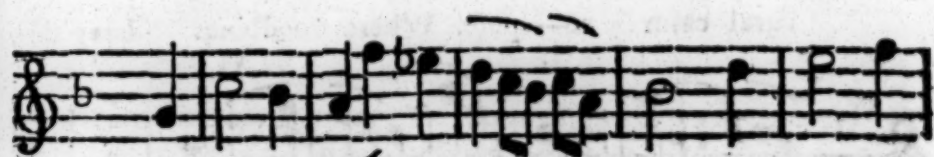
Set by dr. Arne.



Thou ris—ing sun whose glad—some ray, In—



vites my fair to ru—ral play;



Dispell the mists and clear the skies, And bring my



Orra to my eyes.

SONG XLIII. Waft me some soft and cooling breeze. [Crochal.

Set by Harry Carey.

Not too fast.



Waft me some soft and cooling breeze, To Windsors



shad—y kind retreat, Where sylvan scenes

wide

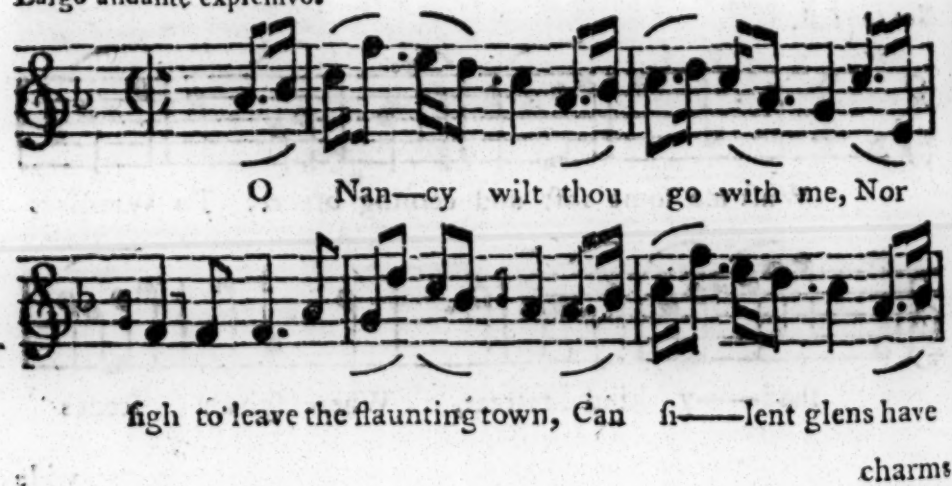


wide spreading trees, Re—pell the dog-stars rag—ing  
 heat. Where tufted grafs and mossy beds Af—ford a  
 rural calm re—pose. Where woodbines hang their  
 dewy heads, And fragrant sweets a—round dis—  
 close.

SONG XLIV. O Nancy, wilt thou go with me. Percy.

Set by Mr. Carter.

*Largo andante espressivo.*



O Nan—cy wilt thou go with me, Nor  
 sigh to leave the flaunting town, Can si—lent glens have  
 charms





charms for thee, The lowly cot, and russet gown? No



longer dress'd in filken sheen, No longer deck'd with



jewels rare, Say, canst thou quit each



court—ly scene, Where thou wert fair—est of the fair?



Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene, Where



thou wert fair—est of the fair? Where



thou wert fairest, Where

thou

thou wert fairest, Where  
thou wert fair—est of the fair.

SONG XLV. Come, dear Pastora, come away. Miss Whateley.  
No air known.

SONG XLVI. Hail to the myrtle shade. Lee.

Hail to the myrtle shade, All hail to the  
nymphs of the fields, Kings would not here invade the  
pleasures that vir—tue yields: Beauty here opens her  
arms To soften the languishing mind, And Phillis un—  
locks all her charms: Ah, Phillis, ah why so kind?

SONG XLVII.

SONG XLVII. Come, dear Amanda, quit the town!



Come, dear A—man—da, quit the town, And to the  
 ru—ral hamlets fly; Behold, the wint'ry storms are  
 gone, A gentle radiance glads the sky.  
 The birds a—wake, the flow'rs appear, Earth spreads a  
 ver—dant couch for thee; 'Tis joy and  
 music all we hear, 'Tis love and beauty all we  
 see.

SONG XLVIII. Haste, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go.  
 [Steel?

No air known.

VOL. I.

H

SONG XLIX.



SONG XLIX. When here, Lucinda, first we came. E. of  
[Middlesex,

Set by mr. Holcombe.



When here, Lu—cinda, first we came, Where Arno



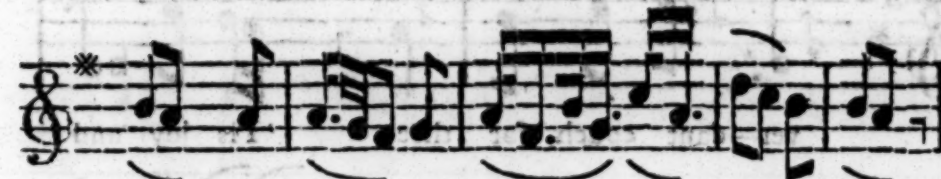
rolls his fil — — ver stream, How blithe the



nymphs, the swains how gay, Content in—spir'd each



rural lay. The birds in livelier concert



sung, The grapes in thick — — er clusters hung;



All look'd as joy could ne—ver fail, Among the



sweets of Arnos vale.

SONG L.

SONG L. Be still, o ye winds, and attentive ye swains. Moore.

Set by dr. Arne.



Gently.

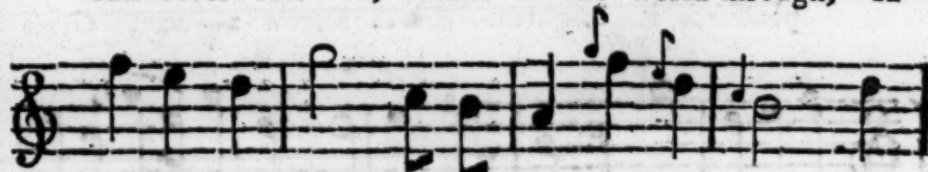
Be still, o ye winds, and attentive ye swains, 'Tis



Phebe invites, and replies to my strains; The



fun never rose on, search all the world through, A



shepherd so blest'd, or a fair one so true, A



shepherd so blest'd, or a fair one so true.

Phebe.

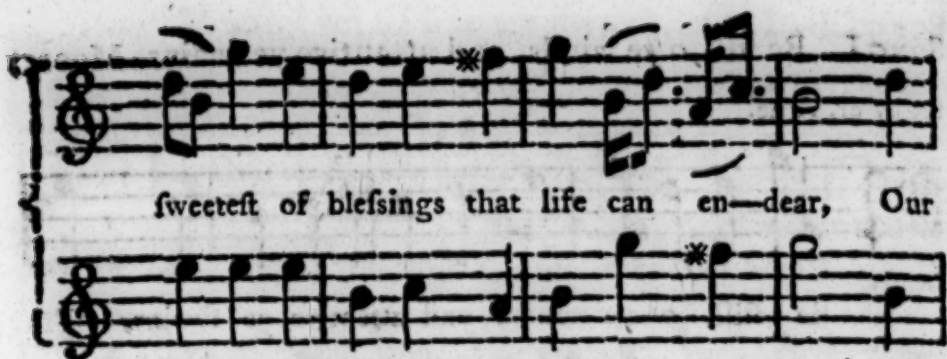


'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year, The

Colin.



'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year, The



sweetest of blessings that life can en—dear, Our



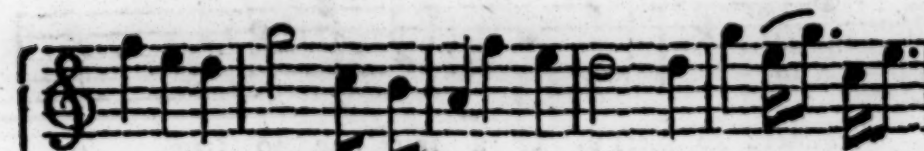
sweetest of blessings that life can en—dear, Our



pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow a—way, Gives



pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow a—way, Gives



joy to the night, and enlivens the day, Gives joy to the



joy to the night, and enlivens the day, Gives joy to the



night, and en—livens the day.



night, and en—li—vens the day.

SONG LI.

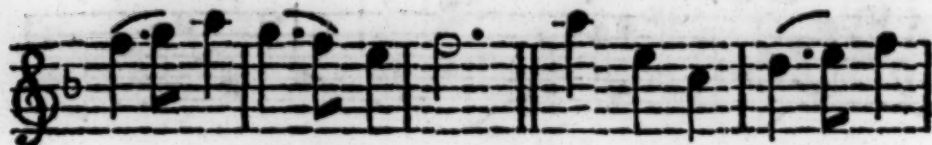


SONG LI. Come live with me and be my love. Marlow.

The original music.



Come live with me, and be my love, And we will



all the pleasures prove That vallies, groves, or



hills and fields, And all the steepy mountains yields.

A LATER AIR. The editor is in doubt whether there be not a third (exclusive of dr. Arnes scotch air) better than either. It is likewise prettily set as a glee by mr. Webbe.



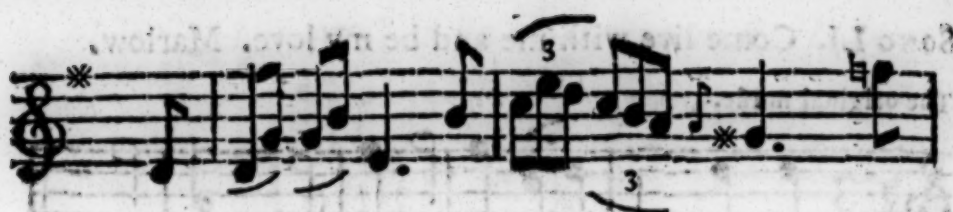
Come live with me, and be my love, And



we will all the pleasures prove That vallies, groves, or



hills, and fields, And all the steepy mountain yields.



There will we sit up—on the rocks, And



see the shepherds feed their flocks, By shallow rivers,



to whose falls, Me—lodious birds sing madrigals; Me—



lodian birds sing madrigals.

\*\*\* To accommodate this tune to the words, a verse must be omitted in the singing.

SONG LII. If all the world and love were young. Raleigh.

May be sung to the same notes.

SONG LIII. Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall  
[trees. Brerewood.

May be sung to the following air.

SONG LIV.

SONG LIV. When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be  
[seen. Brerewood.

Set by mr. Lockhart.

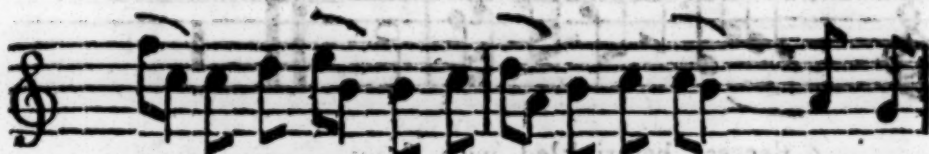


All<sup>o</sup>. Mod<sup>o</sup>.

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen, And the



meadows their beauty have lost; When



nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green, And the



streams are fast bound by the frost: While the



peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold, As

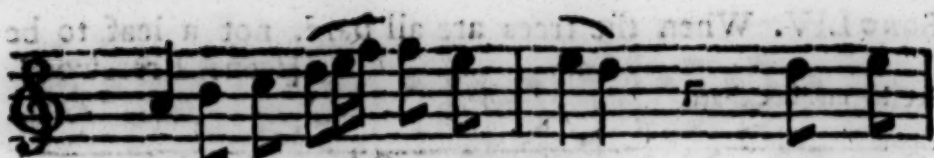


bleak the winds northerly blow; And the



innocent flocks run for ease to the fold, With their





fleeces besprinkled with snow : And the



innocent flocks run for ease to the fold, With their



fleeces besprinkled with snow,

**SONG LV. O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and**  
[bare. Cunningham.

Set by mr. W, Goodwin.



O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and



bare, As wilder'd and weary'd I roam; A

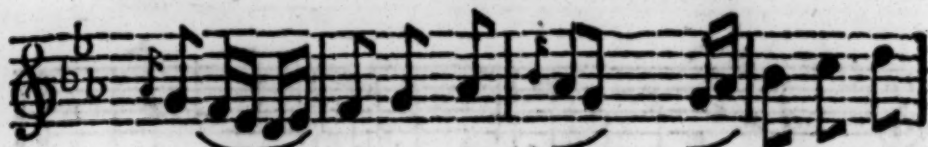


gentle young shepherds fees my de—spair, And

leads



leads me, o'er lawns, to her home : Yellow sheaves from rich



Ce—res her cottage had crown'd, Green rushes were



strew'd on the floor, Her casement sweet woodbines crept



wan—ton—ly round, And deck'd the sod



seats at her door,

SONG LVI. In the merry month of May. Breton.

Set by dr. Wilson.



In the merry month of May, In a



morn by break of day, Forth I walk'd by the wood

side,



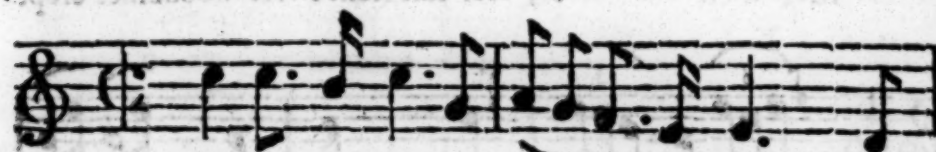
fide, When as May was in his pride, There I



spy'd all alone, all a-lone, Phil-li-da and Co-ry-don.

**SONG LVII.** All my pass'd life is mine no more. E. of Ro-  
[chester.

Set by dr. John Blow.



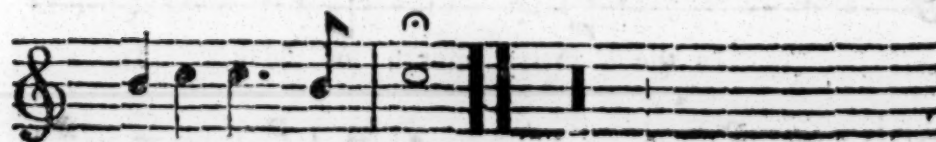
All my pass'd life is mine no more, The



fly - - ing hours are gone; Like tran-si-to-ry



dreams giv'n o'er, Whose i-ma-ges are kept in store, By



me-mo-ry a-lone.

**SONG LVIII.**



SONG LVIII. Can love be controul'd by advice. Berkeley?

Set by Mr. Ruffel.



Can love be con—troul'd by ad—vice? Can



madness and reason a—gree? O Molly! who'd



e—ver be wise, If madness is lov—ing of thee?



Let—fages pre—tend to de—spise The joys they want



Spirits to taste; Let me seize old Time as he



flie — — — s, And the blessings of life while they

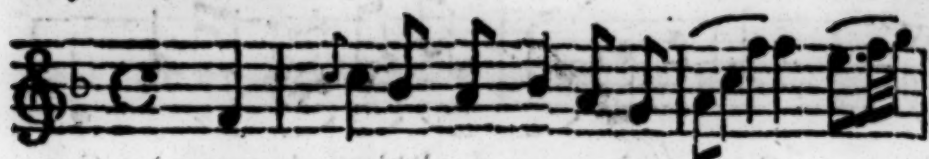


last.

SONG LIX.

SONG LIX. Though winter its desolate train. Lloyd.

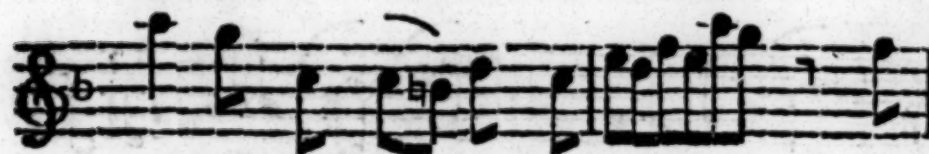
Set by Mr. Michael Arne.



Though winter its de-so-late train Of



frost and of tempest may bring, Yet



Flo-ra steps for-ward a-gain, And



nature revives in the spring, re-vives - - Yet



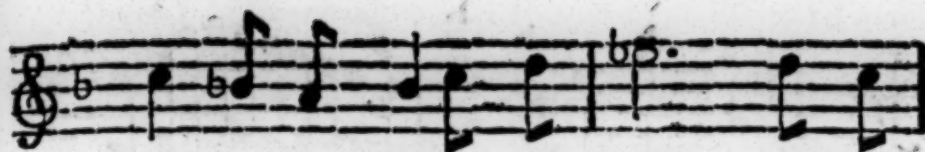
Flora steps for-ward a-gain, And



na-ture revives in the spring; And



nature revives in the spring. Though the  
fun



fun in his glories de—creaf'd, Of his



beams in the ev'ning is thorn, Yet he



rif—es with joy in the east, And re—



pairs them a—gain in the morn. Though the



fun in his glories de—creaf'd, Of his



beams in the ev'ning is thorn, Of his



beams in the ev'ning is thorn: Yet he

rises





rises with joy in the east, — — And re-



pairs them again in the morn: Yet he



rises with joy in the east, — — And re-



pairs them a—gain in the morn.

SONG LX. When youth, my Celia, 's in the prime. Churchill.

SONG LXI. Behold my fair, where e'er we rove. Johnson.

SONG LXII. It is not, Celia, in our pow'r.

No airs known.

SONG LXIII. Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure.



Dear Chloe, while thus, beyond measure, You

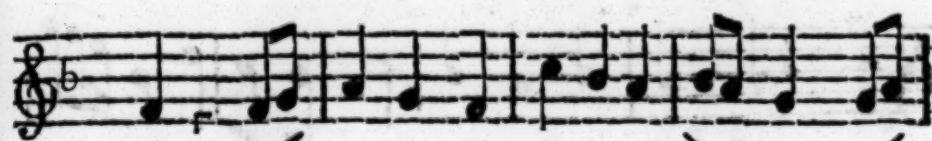
treat



treat me with doubts and dis-dain; You rob all your



youth of its pleasure, And hoard up an old age of



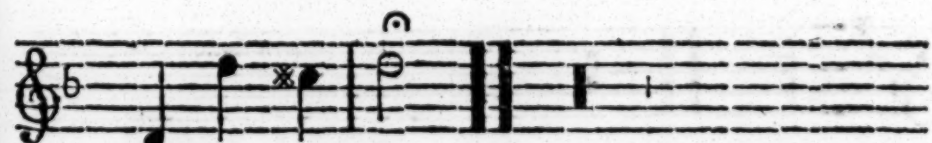
pain: Your maxim that love is still founded On



charms that will quickly de — cay, You'll find to be



very ill ground — ed, When once you its



dictates o—bey.

SONG LXIV. That Jenny's my friend, my delight and my  
[pride. Moore.



Lively.

That Jenny's my friend, my delight and my

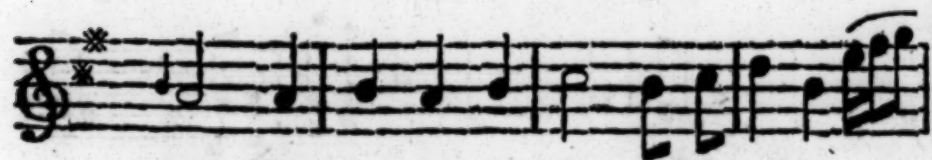
pride,



pride, I always have boasted, and seek not to



hide; I dwell on her praises where - ever I



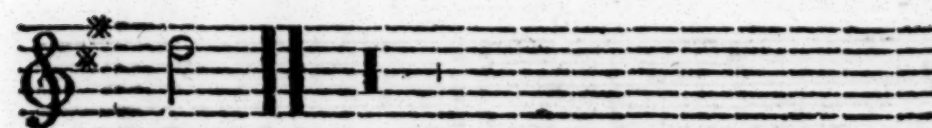
go, They say I'm in love, but I answer, no,



no - - no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no; They say, I'm in love, but I answer, no,



no.

SONG LXV. How blefs'd has my time been, what days have  
[ I known. Moore.



Lively.

How blefs'd has my time been, what days have I

known,





known, Since wedlocks soft bondage made Jessy my



own! So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain, That



freedom is tasteless and roving a pain; That



freedom is tasteless and roving a pain.

SONG LXVI. In love should there meet a fond pair.  
Bickerstaff.

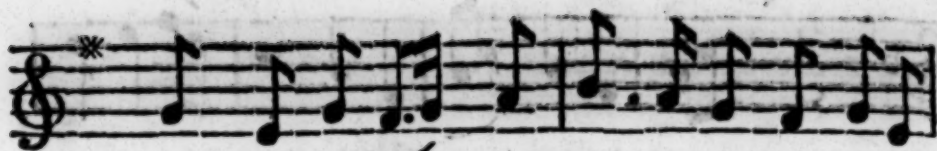
Set by Mr. Bernard.



In love should there meet a fond pair, Un-



tutor'd by fashion or art, Whose wishes are warm, are



warm and sincere, Whose words are th'excess of the



heart — — — rt Whose words are th'excess of the



heart : If ought of substantial de-



light On this side the stars can be found, 'Tis



sure when that couple u—ni—te, And



Cupid by Hymen is cro — — — wn'd, And



Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SONG LXVII. Away, let nought to love displeasing!

Tune, *Éveillez vous belle endormie.*



Away, let nought to love displeasing, My Wini-



freda, move your care; Let nought de-lay the heav'nly



blessing, Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

SONG LXVIII. Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore.

[Garrick.

Set by dr. Arne.



Ye fair married dames, who so often de—

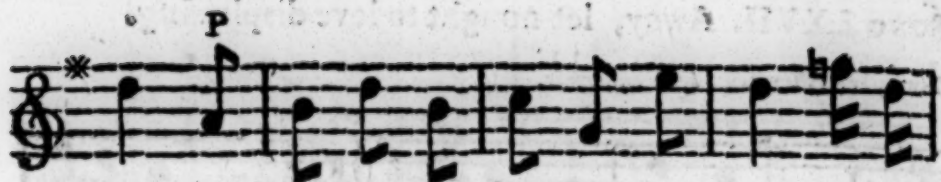


plore, That a lover once blest'd is a lover no



more, no more, no more, is a lover no





more, At—tend to my counfel, nor blush to be



taught, That prudence must cherish what beauty has



caught : At—tend to my counfel nor blush to be



taught, That pru—dence must che-rish what



beau—ty has caught.

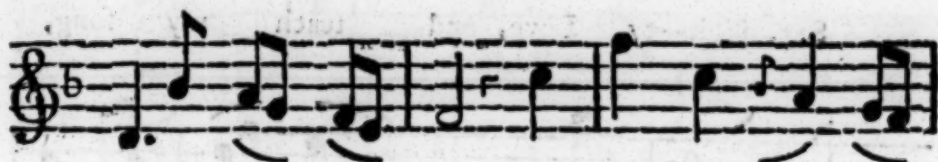
SONG LXIX.

SONG LXIX. Ye fair possess'd of ev'ry charm.

Set by dr. Arne.



Ye fair pos-sess'd of ev'-ry charm, To



cap--ti--vate the will; Whose smiles can rage it-



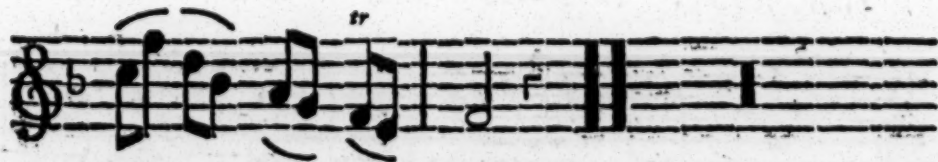
self disarm, Whose frowns at once can kill: Say,



will you deign the verse to hear, Where flatt'ry bears no



part? An ho--nest verse that flows sin--cere, And



can-did from the heart,

SONG LXX. Say, mighty Love, and teach my song. Watts.

Set by mr. W. Hodson.

*Andante.*



Say, migh—ty Love, and teach my song,



To whom thy sweet-est joys be—long, And



who the hap-py, hap—py pairs;



Whose yield-ing hearts and join--ing hands



Find blessings twist—ed with their bands,

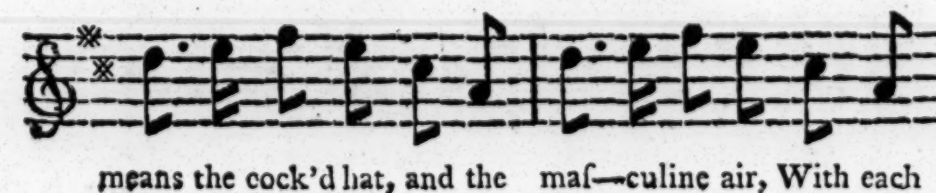
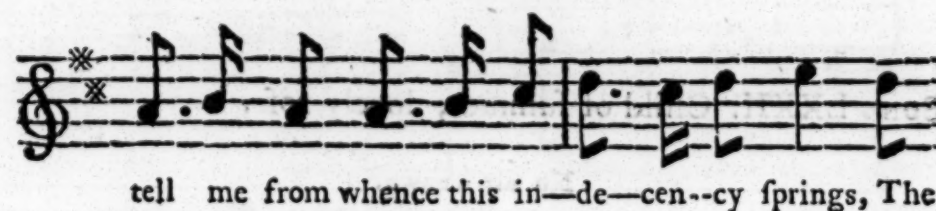
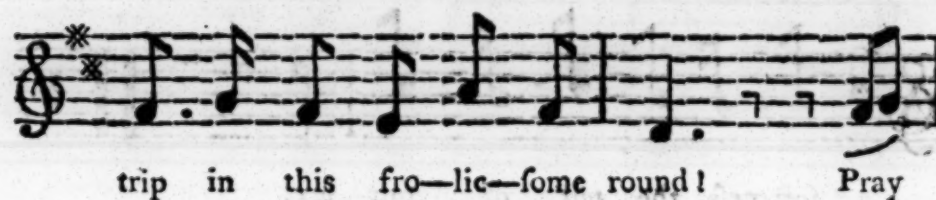


To soften a— — — — — ll their  
cares,





SONG LXXI. Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things.  
Whitehead.





mo--tion de--sign'd to per--plex? Bright



eyes were in-tend--ed to languish, not stare, And



soft--ness the test of your sex, dear girls; And



soft-ness the test of your sex.

SONG LXXII. Child of summer, lovely rose.

No air known.

A I R S

# A I R S

## TO THE

### SONGS OMITTED.

Ah! stay; ah! turn; ah! whither would you fly? Congreve.

Was originally set by Mr. Eccles, and sung by Mrs. Hudson. No other air has been discovered.

She, whom above myself I prize, Carey.

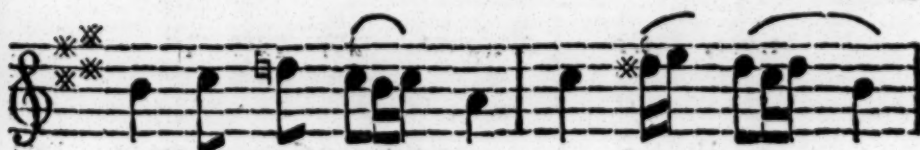
Set by the author,



She whom above my—self I prize,



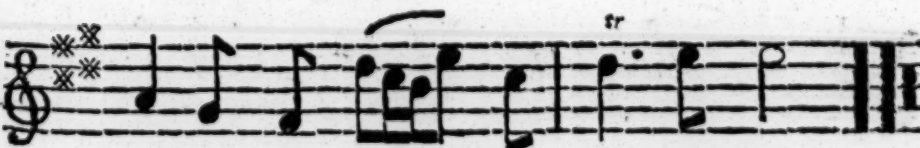
Does me a— — bove all men de—spise;



My faithful pas—sion is so great,



Nothing ex—ceeds it but her hate.



No-thing ex—ceeds it but her hate.

If



If all that I love is her face.

Set by dr. Arne.



*Amoroso.*

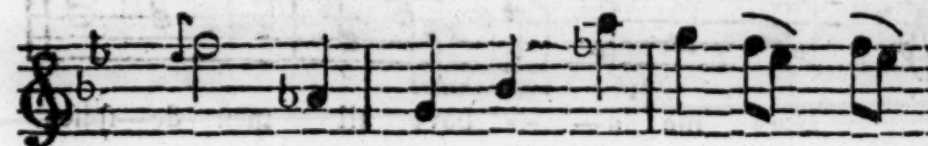
If all that I love is her



face, From look—ing I fure can re-



frain; In o—thers her like—ness may



trace, Or ab-sence may cure all my



pain. This said, from her charms I re-



tir'd, Nor knew I till then how I

lov'd



lov'd; What pre—sent my pas—sion ad—mi - -



r'd, In abſence my rea—ſon ap—prov'd.

Think not, my love, when ſecret grief.

Set by mr. Linley.



Amoroso,

Think not, my love, when ſe—cret



grief Preys on my ſad—en'd heart;



Think not I wiſh a mea - - - n re-



lieſ, Or would from for—row part;

Or



Or would from for—row part. Dearly I



prize the sighs sin—cere, That my true



fond—ness prove; Nor could I



bear to check the tear That flows from



hap—less love; That flows from



hap—less love,

Send



Send back my long stray'd eyes to me.



Send back my long stray'd eyes to me, Which



oh! too long have dwelt on thee; Send back my long stray'd



eyes to me, Which oh! too long have



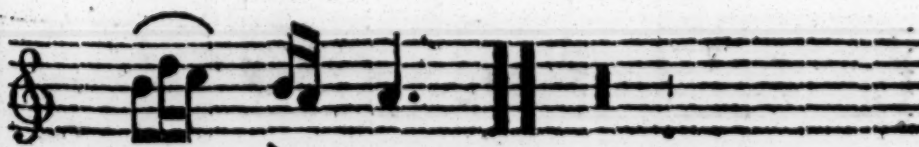
dwelt on thee; But if from you they've



learn'd such ill, To sweet—ly smile, and



then beguile, Keep the de—ceiv—ers,



keep them still.

Ah!

Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd. Sheridan.

The music by Mr. Jackson, for Song II. Class V.



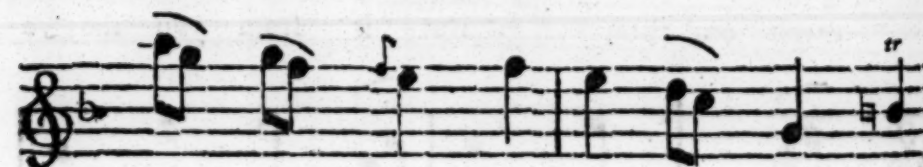
Ah! cru — — el maid, how



hast thou chang'd The tem—per of my



mind! My heart, by thee from



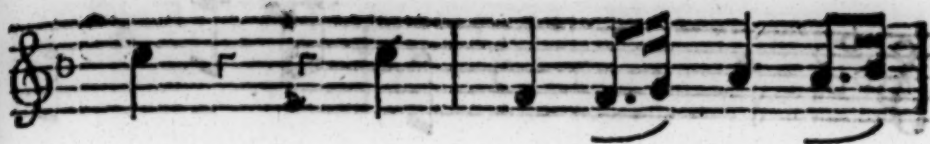
mirth e—strang'd, Becomes like thee un-



kind. By For—tune fa—vour'd,



clear in fame, I once am—bi—tious



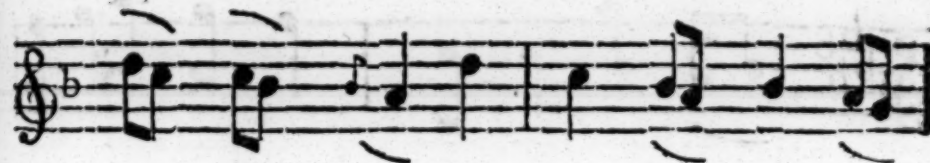
was; And friends I had that



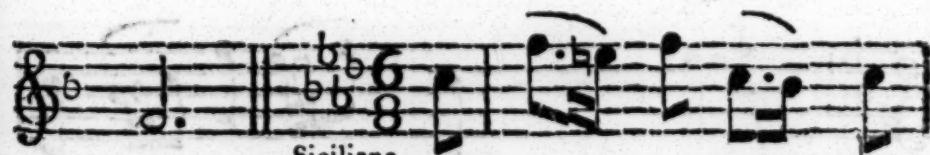
fann'd the flame, And gave my youth ap-



plause; And friends I had that



fann'd the flame, And gave my youth ap-



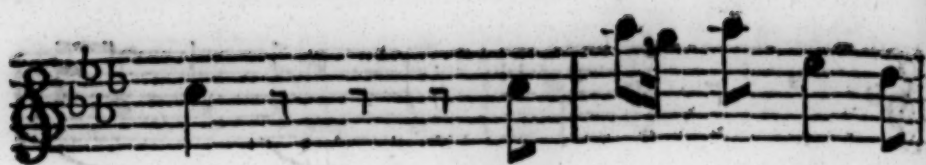
plause. But now my weak-ness



all a-buse, Yet vain their taunts on

me;





me; Friends, for—tune, fame it-



self, I'd lose, To gain one smile from



thee. Yet on—ly thou should'st



not de—spise, My fol—ly or my

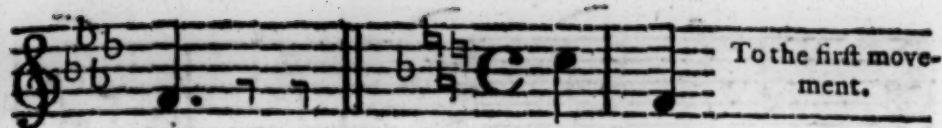


woe; If I am mad in



o—thers eyes, 'Tis thou hast made me

fo.



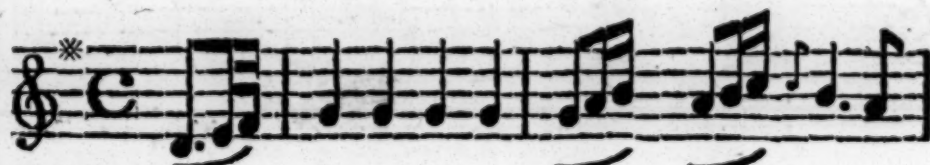
fo.

But days

\* \* In adapting dr. Parnells song to the above tune, the following lines (added, it should seem, by the composer,) are to be sung as the concluding verse.

But if she treats me with disdain,  
And flights my well-meant love;  
Or looks with pleasure on my pain,  
A pain she won't remove;  
Farewell ye birds and lonely pines,  
Adieu to groans and sighs;  
I'll leave my passion to the winds,  
Love unreturn'd soon dies.

To melancholy thoughts a prey. Mrs. Pilkington.



Moderato.

To melan-cho-ly thoughts a prey, With



love and grief oppress'd; To



peace a stranger all the day, And



all the night to rest: For



thee, dis-dain-ful fair, I pine, And



wake the ten-der sigh; By



that ob-du-rate heart of thine, My



balm-y blefs-ings fly.

Ye virgin pow'ers defend my heart.

Set by Tho. Farmer, B. M.



Ye vir-gin pow'rs de-fend my heart From  
am'rous





am'rous looks and smiles, From saucy love or



nice—er art Which most our sex be-



guiles : From sighs and vows, from



awful fears That do to pi—ty — move. From



speaking silence and from tears, Those



fountains that wa—ter love,

By my sighs you may discover.

Set by signor Bach.



By my sighs you may dis—



cover, What soft wishes touch my



heart; Eyes can speak and tell the



lov—er What the tongue must not im—



part; What the tongue must not im—



part;

What the

tongue



tongue must not im—part. Blush—ing



shame for—bids re—veal—ing Thoughts your



breast may dis—ap—prove; But 'tis



hard and past con—ceal—ing When we



true—ly fondly love; When we



true—ly fond—ly love; When we





trac—ly fond—ly love. By my



Blushing shame for—bids re—



veal—ing, Blushing shame forbids re—



veal—ing Thoughts your breast may dis—ap—



prove; But 'tis hard and past con—



veal—ing, When we true—ly fond—ly

love;



love; When we true—ly fond—ly



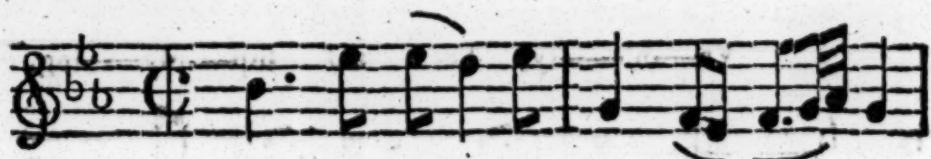
love, When we true—ly fond—ly



love. By my D. C.

Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour.

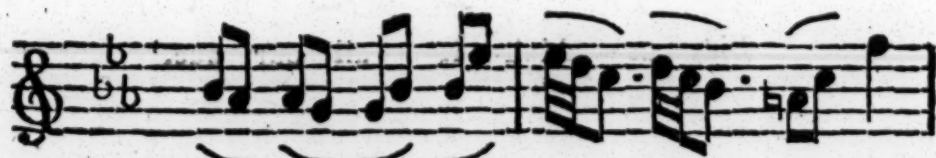
Set by dr. Boyce.



Vain is ev—ry fond en—dea—vour



To re—sist the ten—der dart;



For ex—am—ples, move us ne—ver,



We must feel to know the smart.



When the shepherd swears he's dying,



And our beauties sets to view,



Va—ni—ty, her aid sup—ply—ing,



Bids us think it all our due;



Bids us think it all our due.

Sigh



Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more. Shakspeare.

Set by dr. Arne.

Moderately quick.



Sigh no more, la—dies;



la—dies, sigh no more;



la—dies, sigh no more;



Men were de—ceiv—ers e—ver; Men - -



- - were de—ceiv—ers e—ver,



One foot at sea, and

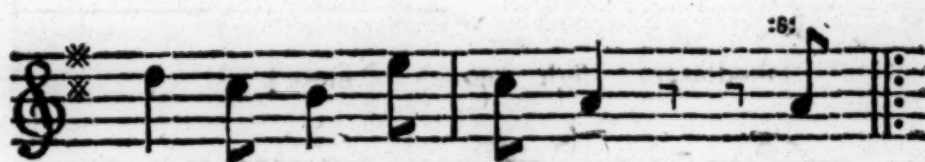
one



one on shore, To



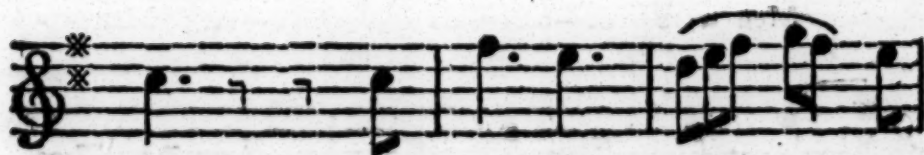
one thing con—stant ne — — ver, to



one thing constant ne—ver. Then



figh not fo, but let them



go, and be you blithe, be



blithe, be blithe and 'mer—ry;' con-

vert.



vert—ing all your sounds of woe, con-



vert—ing all your sounds of woe in--to,



Hey \*down, hey down der—ry, hey down,

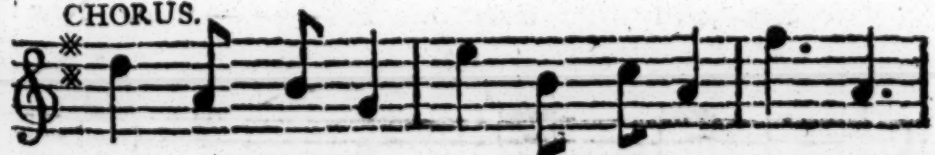


hey down der—ry, hey down der—ry,



hey down der—ry, hey down, hey down der—ry,

CHORUS.



Hey down der—ry, hey down derry, hey down,

hey

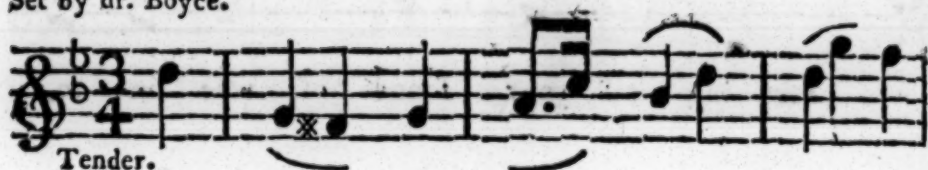




hey down der—ry.

In vain, Philander, at my feet.

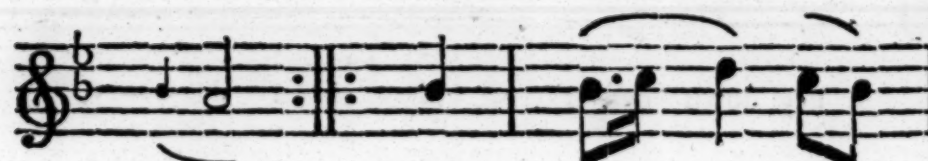
Set by dr. Boyce.



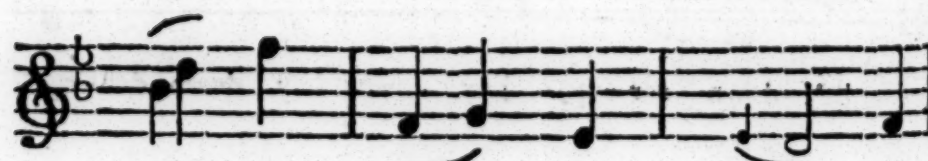
In vain, Phi—lan—der, at my



feet, You urge your guilt— — y



flame; With well dis-



sem—bled tears in — — — treat, New



oaths and im — — — pious

VOWS



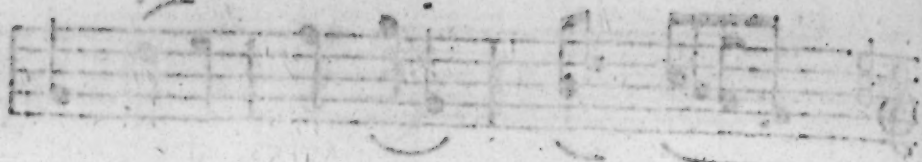
vows re — — —peat, And wrong Loves



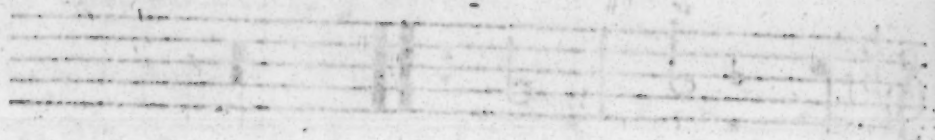
fa — — cred name,

The charms which blooming beauty shows. Fitzgerald.

No air known.



Yours ——— And strong love



———

The chains which blooming beauty flows. The golden.

It is known



A I R S

TO THE

S O N G S

IN

VOLUME II.

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Vol

# A I R S.

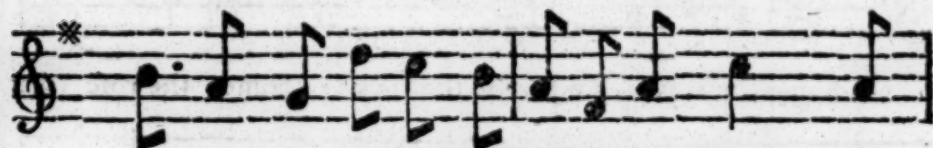
## P A R T II.

SONG I. Pho! pox of this nonsense, I prythee give o'er.

Moderato.



Pho! pox of this nonsense, I prythee give o'er, And



talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more; Their



face and their air and their mien, what a rout! Here's

CH O.



to thee my lad, push the bottle about, Here's



to thee my lad, to thee my lad, Here's



to thee my lad, push the bottle about.



2  
SONG II. Better our heads than hearts should ake.

Air unknown.

SONG III. Some say women are like the seas.

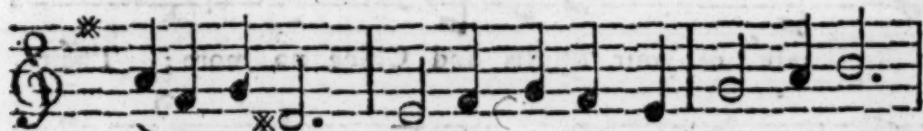
Set by mr. James Graves.



Some say women are like the seas,



Some the waves, and some the rocks; Some the rose that



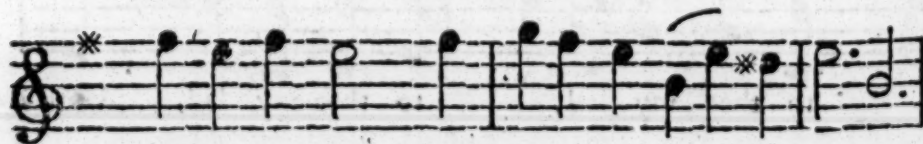
soon decays; Some the weather and some the cocks;



But if you'll give me leave to tell, There's



nothing can be com—par'd so well: As wine, wine,



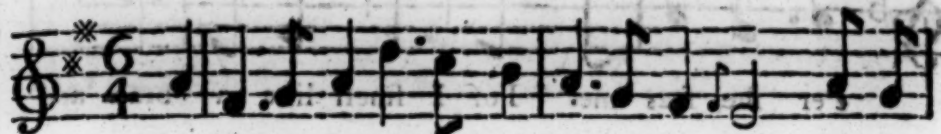
women and wine, They run in a pa-ral-lel, they



run in a pa-ral- lel.

SONG IV.

SONG IV. The women all tell me, I'm false to my lass.



The women all tell me I'm false to my lass, - That I



quit my poor Chloe and stick to my glass:



But to you men of reason my reasons I'll own; And



if you don't like them why let them alone.

SONG V. She tells me with claret she cannot agree.  
[D'Urfe's?]



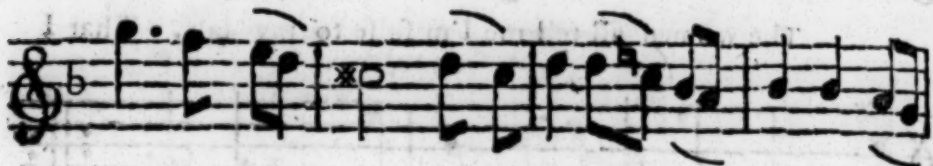
She tells me with claret she cannot a-



gree, And she thinks of a hogshead when



e'er she sees me. For I smell like a beast and



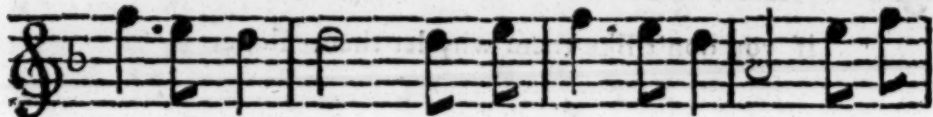
therefore must I Re—solve to for—sake her or



Claret de-ny; Must I leave my dear bottle that was



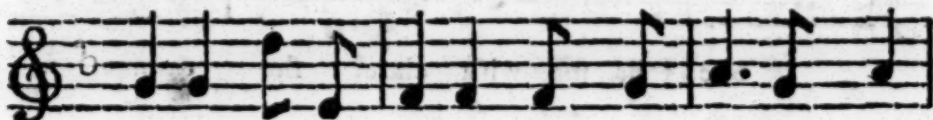
always my friend, And I hope will con—tinue fo



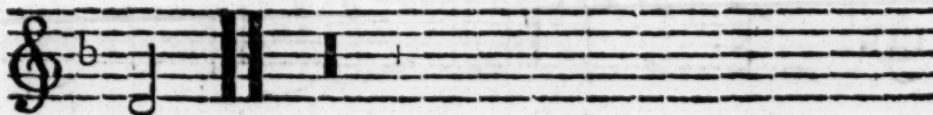
to my life's end; Must I leave it for her, 'tis a



ve—ry hard task, Let her go to the



devil, to the devil, bring the other whole



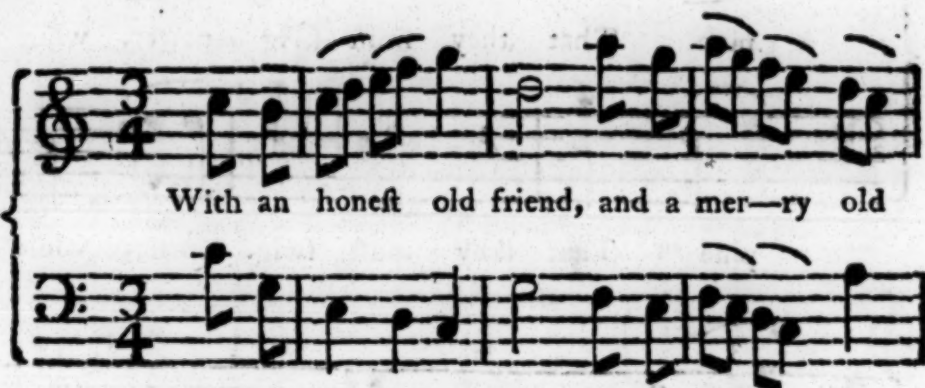
flask.

SONG VI.



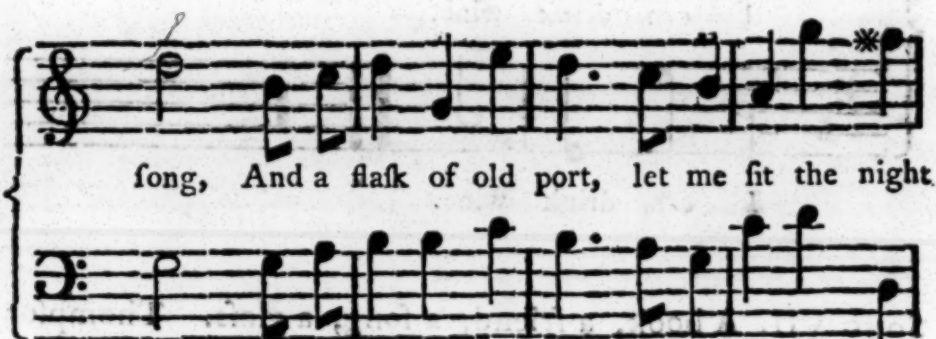
SONG VI. With an honest old friend, and a merry old  
[song. Carey.]

Set by the author.



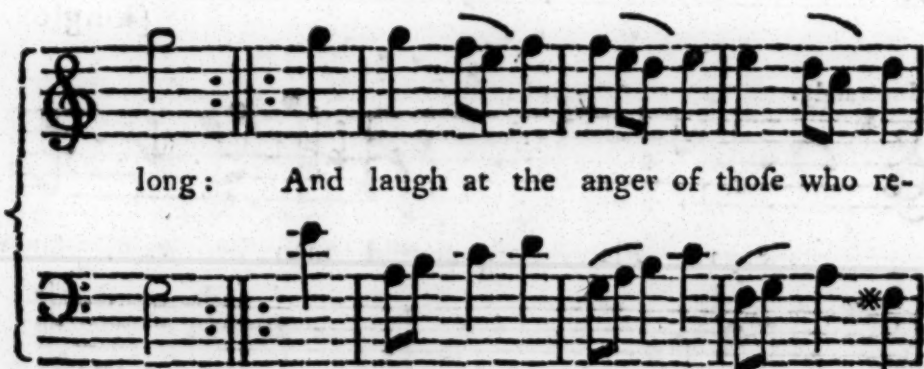
With an honest old friend, and a mer-ry old

With an honest old friend, and a merry old



song, And a flask of old port, let me fit the night

song, And a flask of old port, let me fit the night



long: And laugh at the anger of those who re-

long: And laugh at the anger of those who re-

pine That they must swig porter, while

pine That they must swig porter, while

I can drink wine.

SONG VII. A book, a friend, a song, a glass. Thompson.  
No air known.

SONG VIII. Says Plato, why should man be vain. Pil.  
[kington.]

Moderately.

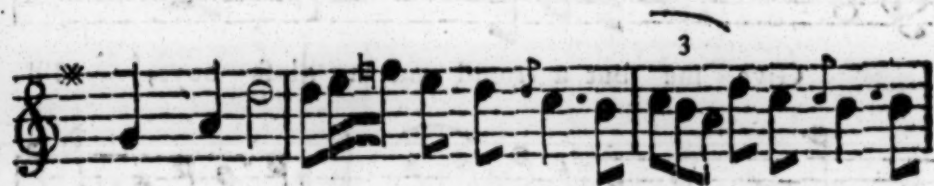
Says Plato, why should man be vain, Since

bounteous heav'n has made him great; Why

look



look with in-so-lent disdain, On those un-deck'd with



wealth or state? Can splendid robes, or beds of down, Or



costly gems that deck the fair, Can



all the glo— — — — —



— — — ries of a crown Give



health, or ease the brow of care?

Song IX.



SONG IX. Give me but a friend and a glass boys.

Set by Mr. Young.



Give me but a friend and a glass boys, I'll



show you what 'tis to be gay; I'll not care a fig for a



lass boys, Nor love my brisk youth a—way: Give



me but an honest fellow, That's pleasantest when he is



mellow, We'll live twenty-four hours a

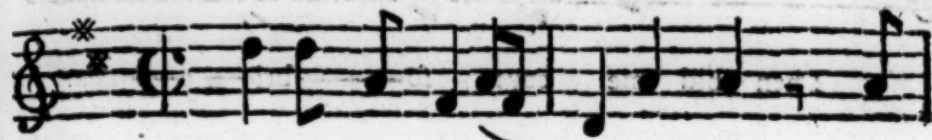


day. Give day.

SONG X.

Song X. Bid me when forty winters more. Dr. Hill.

Set by Dr. Boyce.



Piano.

Bid me when forty winters more, Have



furrow'd deep my pallid brow, When from my head, a



scant—y store, Lankly the wither'd



treffles flow; When the warm tide, that,



bold and strong, Now rolls im-petuous on, and free,



Languid and flow, scarce steals a - - long;

Then



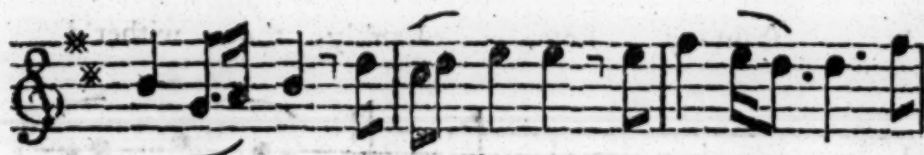
Then bid me court fo—bri—e—ty.



Then bid me court fo—bri—e—ty.



Nature who form'd the vary'd scene, Of



rage and calm, of frost and fire, Unerr—ing guide, could



on—ly mean. That age should rea—son,



youth desire:

Shall then that re—bel





man presume (In—vert—ing Na—tures



law) to seize The dues of age, in



youths high bloom, And join im—pos—si—



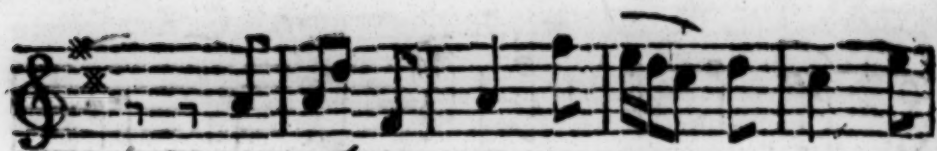
bi—li—ties? Join im—pos—si— — bi—li—ties.



No let me waste the fro—lic



May, In wan—ton joys and wild ex—cess;



In re-vel sport, and laugh-ter gay, And



mirth, and rof--y chear---ful---ness.



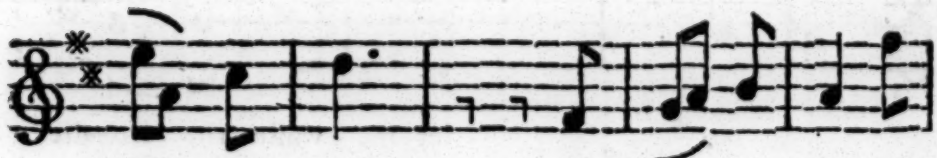
Woman, the foul of all delights, And wine, the



aid of love, be near: All charms me



that to joy in-cites, And ev'-ry she that's



kind is fair; And ev'-ry she that's



kind is fair.

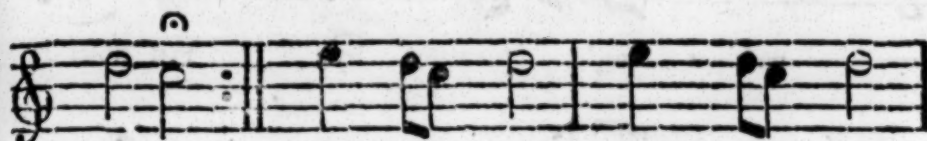
SONG XI.

SONG XI. Youth's the season made for joys. Gay.

Cotillon.



Youth's the season made for joys, Love is then our  
She a—lone who that employs, Well deserves her



du--ty, Let's be gay, While we may;  
beauty.



Beauty's a flow'r de—spis'd in decay. D. C.

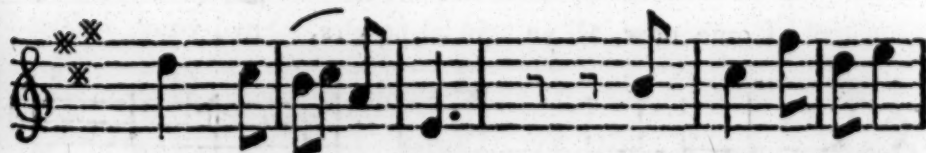
SONG XII. Preach not to me your musty rules. Dalton.

Set by dr. Arne.



Piano.

Preach not me your musty rules, Ye drones that



mould in i—dle cell; The heart is wiser



than the schools, The senses always reason

well.





well. If short my span, I less can spare To



pass a single pleasure by; An hour is



long if lost in care, They only live, they only



live, they only live who life enjoy.

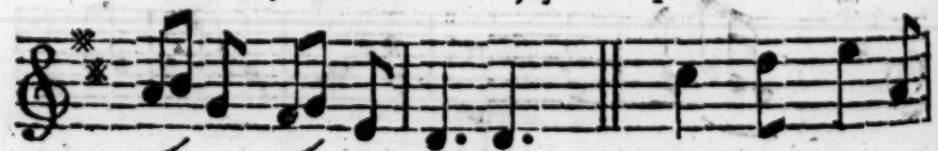
SONG XIII. Come now, all ye social powers.



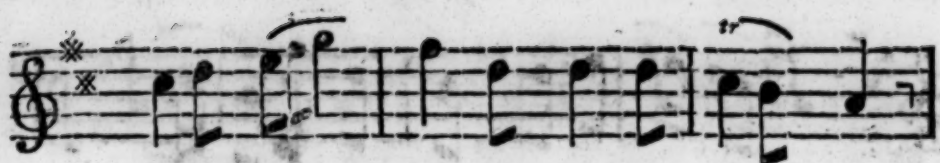
Come now, all ye social pow'rs, Shed your influence



o'er us; Crown with joy the present hours, En-



liv-en those be-fore us: Bring the flask, the  
music



music bring, Joy shall quickly find us;



Drink and dance, and laugh and sing, And cast dull care be-

### CHORUS.



hind us; Bring the flask, the music bring,



Joy shall quickly find us; Drink and dance and



laugh and sing, And cast dull care be-hind us.

### SONG XIV. What Cato advises most certainly wise is. Carey.

Set by the author.



What Cato ad—vices most certainly wise is, Not



al-ways to labour but sometimes to play: To

VOL. II:

B

minge



mingle sweet pleasure, with search after treasure, In-



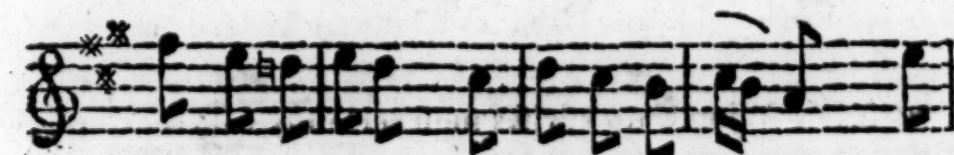
dulging at night for the toils of the day: And



while the dull miser esteems himself wi-fer, His



bags to in-crease, while his health does de-cay, Our



souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten, And



pass the long evenings in pleasure a-way.

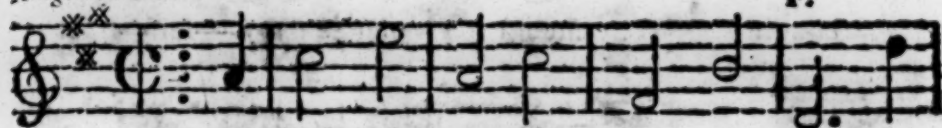


SONG XV. If gold could lengthen life, I swear:

Set by dr. Worgan.

*Allegro Ardito.*

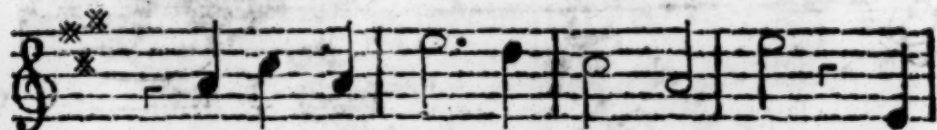
**F.**



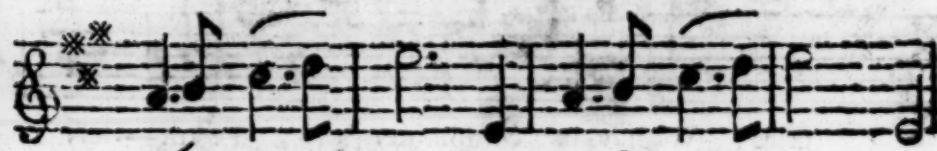
If gold could lengthen life, I swear, it



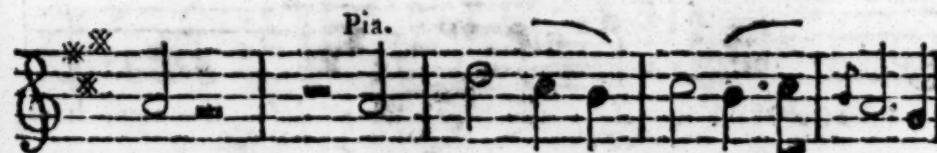
then should be my chief—est care



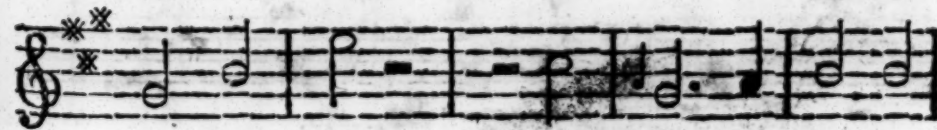
To get a heap that I might say, When



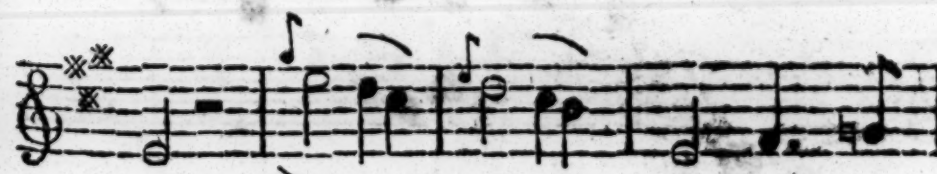
death came to de—mand his prey: Thou



slave, Thou slave take this and go thy



way, take this, thou slave, and go thy



way. But since life is not to be  
B 2 bought,



bought, Why should I plague my—self for



nought, And fool—ish—ly dis—turb the



skies With vain com—plaints or fruit—less



cries? With vain complaints or fruit—less



cries? For— if the fa—tal def—ti—nies, have



all de—creed it shall be so, What



good will gold or cry—ing do.

Give

:S: Allegro con Spirito.



Give me, to ease my thirst—ty



foul, The joys and com—forts of the



bowl; Freedom and health, and whilst I



live, Let me not want what love can



give; Freedom and health, and whilst I



live, Let me not want what love can



give, what love can give; Let me not





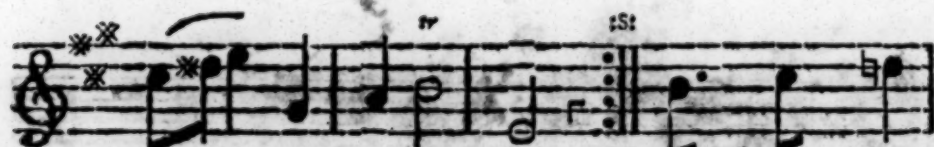
want what love can give; Let me not



want what lo— — — — —



— — — — — ve; what love can



give let me not want. Then shall I



die in peace, and have This con—so—

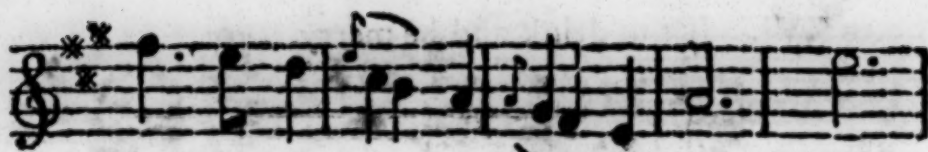


la—ti—on in the grave, in the



grave, That once I had the world my slave:

Then



Then shall I die in peace, and have This



con-so-la-tion in the grave, That



once I had the world my slave; That



once I had the world my slave;



my fla- - - -



- - - - -



-ve; That once I had the world my slave.

SONG XVI. Let us drink and be merry.



Let us drink and be merry, Dance joke and re-



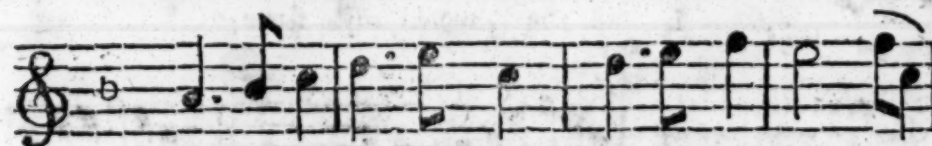
joice, With claret and sherry, The—or—bo and



voice, The changeable world To our joy is unjust. All



treasure's uncertain, Then down with your dust; In



frolics dispose Your pounds, shillings and pence; For



we shall be nothing A hundred years hence.

SONG XVII. Jolly mortals fill your glasses,



Jolly mortals fill your glasses, Noble deeds are  
done





done by wine; Scorn the nymph and all her graces,



Who'd for love or beauty pine, Fa la la la



la la la la la la fa la la la fa la la la la



fa la la la la la la la la la fa la la la



la la la.

SONG XVIII. As swift as time put round the glafs,

Set by dr. Pepusch.



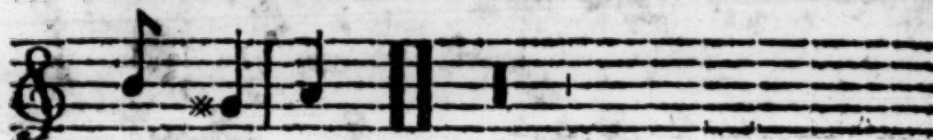
As swift as time put round the glafs, And  
husband



husband well lives little space; Per—haps your



fun, which shines so bright, May set in e—ver.



last—ing night.

### SONG XIX. Busy curious thirsty fly.

Set by dr. Green.



Busy, curious, thirsty fly, Drink with me, and



Busy, curious, thirsty fly, Drink with me, and

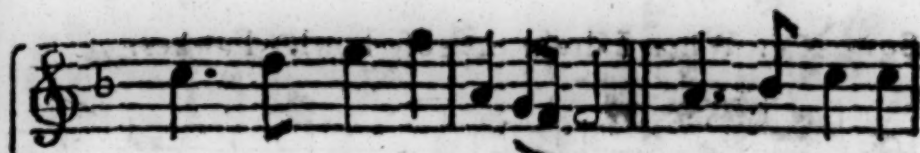


drink as I; Freely welcome to my cup,



drink as I; Freely welcome to my cup,

could't



could'st thou sip, and sip it up: Make the most of



could'st thou sip, and sip it up: Make the most of



life you may, Life is short and wears a—way:



life you may, Life is short and wears a—way;



Life is short and wears a—way.



Life is short and wears a—way.



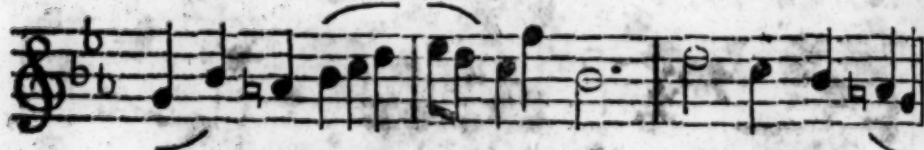
Song XX. When I drain the rosy bowl. Fawkes.



When I drain the rosy bowl, Joy ex-hi-la-



rates my soul; To the Nine I raise my song,



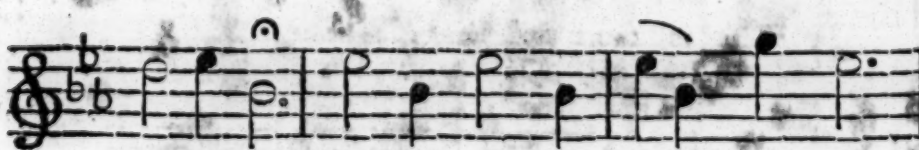
E-ver fair and ever young. When full cups my



cares dispell, So-ber counfels then farewell:



Let the winds, that murmur, sweep All my sorrows



to the deep. Let the winds, that mur-mur, sweep



All my sor-rows to the deep.

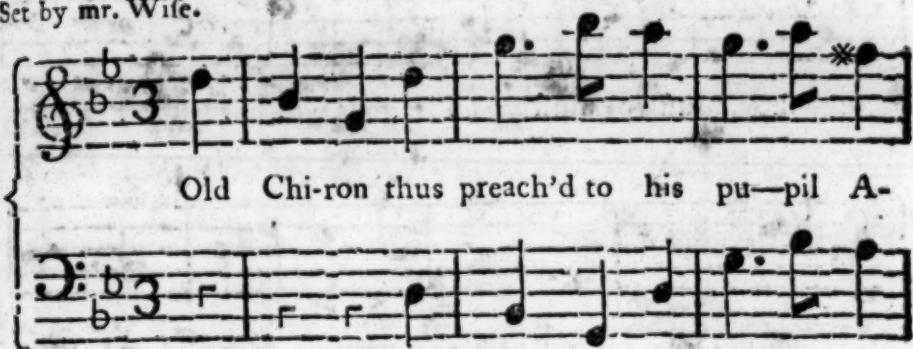
SONG XXI.

SONG XXI. Mortals, learn your lives to measure.

There is music to this song, but the editor was not able to procure it.

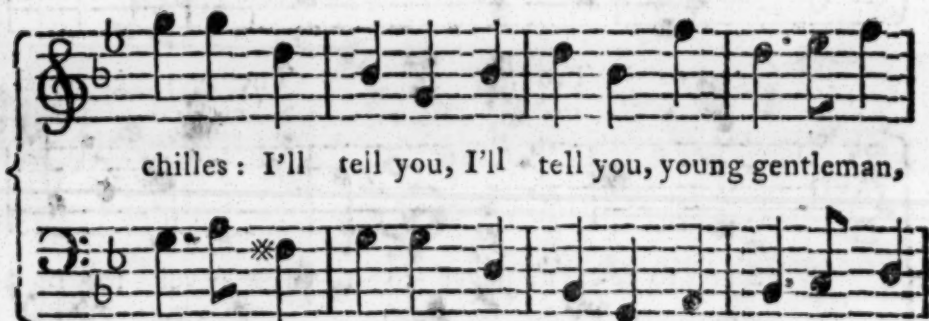
SONG XXII. Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles.

Set by mr. Wife.



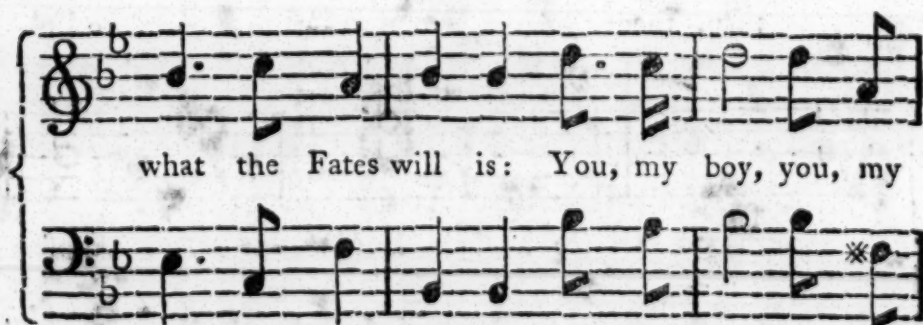
Old Chi-ron thus preach'd to his pu—pil A-

Old Chi-ron thus preach'd to his



chilles : I'll tell you, I'll tell you, young gentleman,

pu-pil A—chil-les : I'll tell you, young gentleman,



what the Fates will is: You, my boy, you, my

what the Fates will is: You, my boy, you, my

boy,

boy, Must go, must go (The gods will have it so) To the

siege of Troy, Thence ne-ver to re-turn, thence

never to re-turn, never to re-turn, never to re-

turn to Greece a—gain, But be—fore those

turn to Greece a—gain, But be—

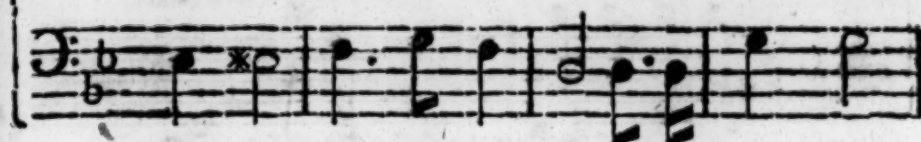
wal

walls





walls to be slain, but be—fore those walls to be



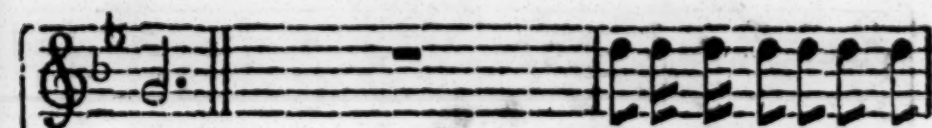
fore those walls to be slain, but be—fore those



slain, be—fore those walls, those walls to be



walls to be slain, be—fore those walls to—be



slain.

Let not your noble courage



slain. Let not your noble courage be cast down,



be cast down, Let not your noble courage



Let not your noble courage be cast down,

be

be cast down; Let not your noble courage

Let not your noble courage be cast down,

Let not your no—ble courage be cast down,

Let not your no--ble courage be cast down,

But all the while you lye before the town, Drink;

But all the while you lye before the town, Drink;

all the while drink, all the while you lye before the town,

all the while drink, all the while you lye before the town,

Drink,

3:

Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry, You'll

Drink, and drive care a—way, drink and be merry,

ne'er go the sooner, You'll ne'er go the

You'll ne'er go the soon—er, the

sooner, You'll ne'er go the soon—er to the

sooner, You'll ne'er go the soon—er to the

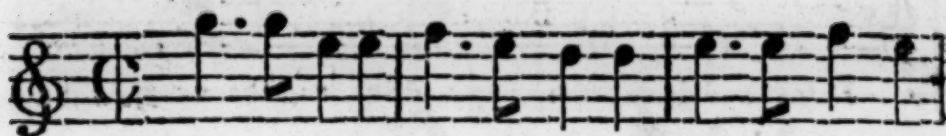
Sty—gian fer—ry.

Sty—gian fer—ry.  
VOL. II. C

SONG XXIII.



SONG XXIII. Lets be jovial, fill our glaffes.



Lets be jovial, fill our glaffes, Madnefs 'tis for



us to think, How the world is rul'd by afes,



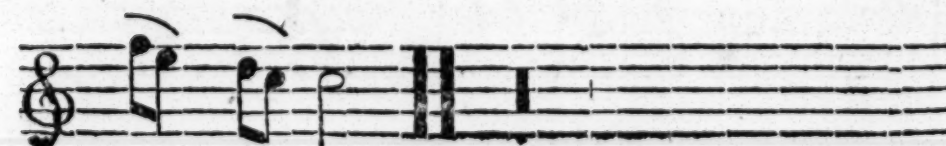
And the wife are fway'd by chink. Never let vain



cares op-prefs us, Riches are to them a fnare;



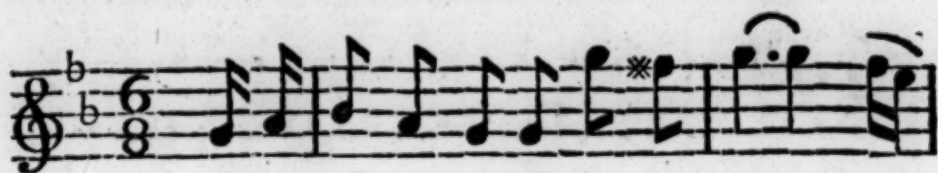
We are all as rich as Cræfus, While our bottle



drowns our care.

SONG XXIV.

SONG XXIV. Every man take a glaſs in his hand:



Ev'ry man take a glaſs in his hand, And



drink a good health to the king; Many



years may he rule o'er this land, May his



laurels for ever freſh ſpring. Let wrangling and jangling



ſtraitway ceaſe, Let ev'ry man ſtrive for his



countrys peace; Neither tory nor whig, With their



parties look big: Here's a health to all honeſt men.

**SONG XXV. Wine, wine in a morning. Tom Brown.**

There are notes to this song, for two voices, by mr. George Hart, in Playford's *Theater of Music*, Book IV. but, like most of the old music, they are so dull and heavy as not to be worth the copying.

**SONG XXVI. Had Neptune, when first he took charge of [ the sea.**

Set by mr. Popely.



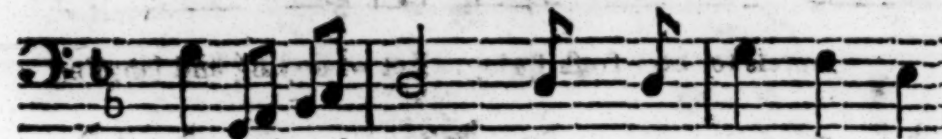
Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the



sea, Been as wise, or at least been as merry as



we; He'd have thought better on't, and, in-



stead of his brine, Would have fill'd the vast



ocean with ge-nerous wi — — — — —



— — — — — ne; Would have fill'd the vast



ocean with ge-nerous wine.

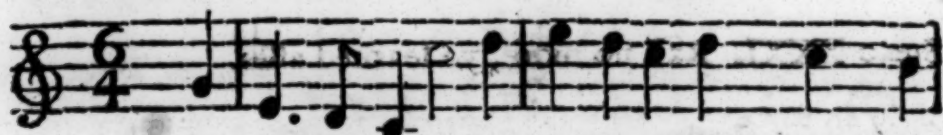
**SONG XXVII.**



SONG XXVII. The thirsty earth drinks up the rain. Cowley.

Was originally set by Mr. Roger Hill, and is to be found in Playford's second book of *Ayres and Dialogues* by Lawes "and other Excellent Masters." 1669. fol.

SONG XXVIII. Ye good fellows all. Dawson.



Ye good fellows all Who love to be told where there's



claret good store, At—tend to the call Of



one who's ne'er frightened, But greatly delighted With



six bottles more. Be sure you don't pass The good



house Moneybags Which the jolly red god so pe-



culiar-ly owns; 'Twill well suit your humour, For



pray what would you more Than mirth, with good claret, and



bumpers, squire Jones?

SONG XXIX. Listen all, I pray. Beaumont.

SONG XXX. Come fill me a glass, fill it high.

Airs unknown.

SONG XXXI. Rail no more, ye learned asses.

Set by dr. Boyce.



Rail no more, ye learned asses, 'Gainst the



joys the bowl sup—plies; Sound its depth, and fill your



glasses, Wisdom at the bottom lies. Fill them



higher still, and higher, Shallow draughts perplex the



brain; Sip—ing quenches all our fire, Bumpers

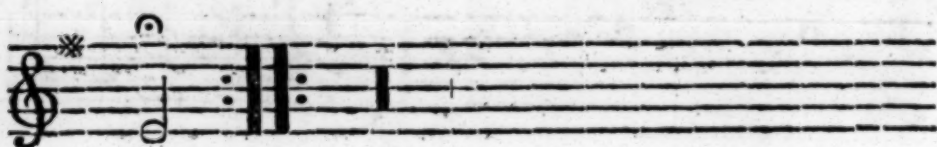
light



light it up a—gain — — — — —; Sip-ing



quenches all our fire, Bumpers light it up a—

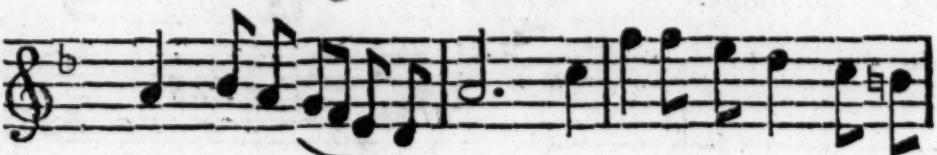


gain.

SONG XXXII. Diogenes furly and proud.



Dio—ge—nes furly and proud, Who



snarl'd at the Macedon youth, Delighted in wine that was



good; Because in good wine there is truth: 'Till



growing as poor as a Job, And un—able to purchase a  
C 4 flask,





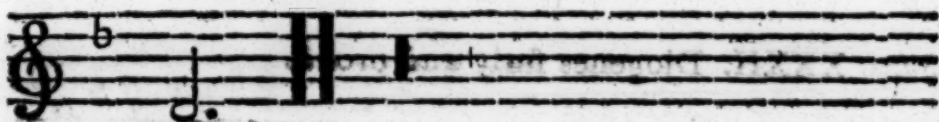
flask. He chose for his mansion a tub, And



liv'd by the scent of the ca — — —



— — sk, And liv'd by the scent of the



cask.

SONG XXXIII. Zeno, Plato, Aristotle. Carey.

Set by mr. Lampe.



Zeno, Pla-to, A-ris-totle, All were lovers of the



bottle; Poets, painters and mu-sicians, Churchmen,



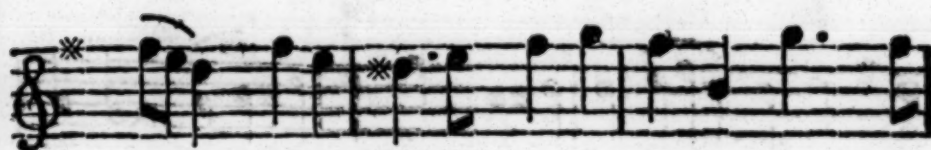
lawyers and phy-sicians, all admire a pret-ty  
last,



lafs, All re—quire a chearful glafs. Zeno,



Plato, A—ris—totle, All were lov—ers of the



bottle, Poets, painters, and mu—ficians, Churchmen,



lowyers and phy—ficians, All ad-mire a pretty



lafs, All re—quire a chearful glafs; Poets,



painters and mu—ficians, Churchmen, lawyers, and phy-



ficians, All ad-mire a pretty lafs, All re-  
quire

Adag.



A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes several measures with notes of varying durations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also some markings that appear to be 'x' or 'm' above certain notes.

Adag.



SONG XXXIV. Now Phœbus sinketh in the West. Milton.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The staff begins with a treble clef, followed by a 6/8 time signature. There are two asterisks (\*\*) above the first measure. The notation includes various musical notes (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests, with some notes beamed together. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the West, Welcome song and

welcome





welcome jeft; Midnight fhout and revelry,



Tipfy dance and jollity. Midnight fhout and



revel—ry, Tip-fy dance and jolli—ty. Now



Phœbus finketh in the Weft, Welcome fong and



welcome jeft; Midnight fhout and revelry,



Tip-fy dance and jol—li—ty. Braid your locks with



rofe-y twine, Drop-ing odours drop-ing wine.

Braid



Braid your lo — — — — — cks with



rosy twine, Drop-ing o—dours, drop-ing wine,



Drop-ing odours drop-ing wine, Drop-ing odours



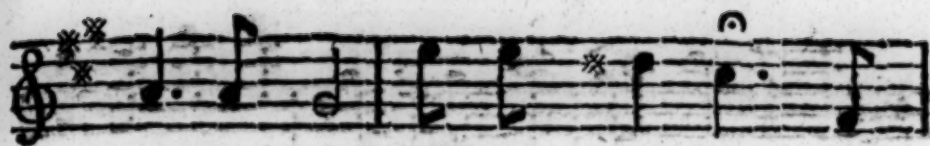
drop-ing wine. Rigour now is gone to bed,



And advice with scrup'lous head; Strict



age and four fe—ve—ri—ty, With their grave saws in  
flumber



slumber lie With their grave saws in



slumber lie. D.C.

SONG XXXV. By the gayly circling glaſs. Dalton.



By the gay-ly cir—cling glaſs, We can ſee how



minutes paſs: By the hol—low caſk are told,



How the waning night grows old. How the waning



night grows old. Seen too ſoon the bu—ſy day,

Drives





Drives us from our sports a—way; What have we with



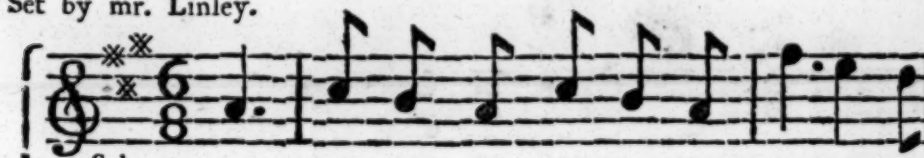
day to do, Sons of care 'twas made for you.



Sons of care 'twas made for you.

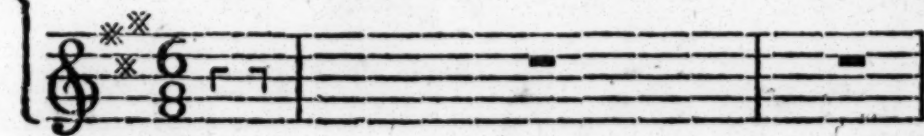
SONG XXXVI. This bottle's the fun of our table. Sheridan.

Set by mr. Linley.

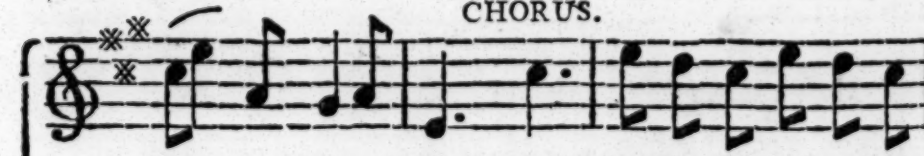


Solo

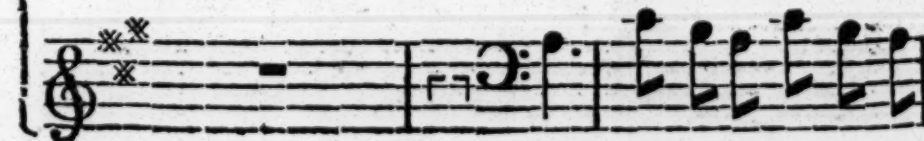
This bot-tle's the fun of our table, His



CHORUS.



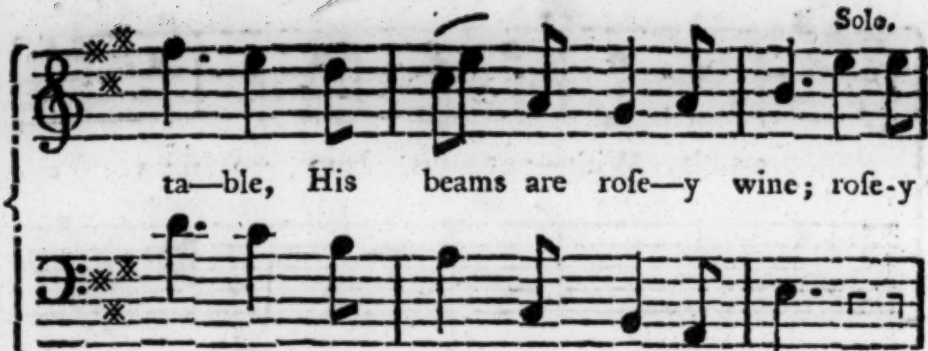
beams are rose-y wine. . . This bottle's the fun of our



This bottle's the fun of our

table,

Solo.

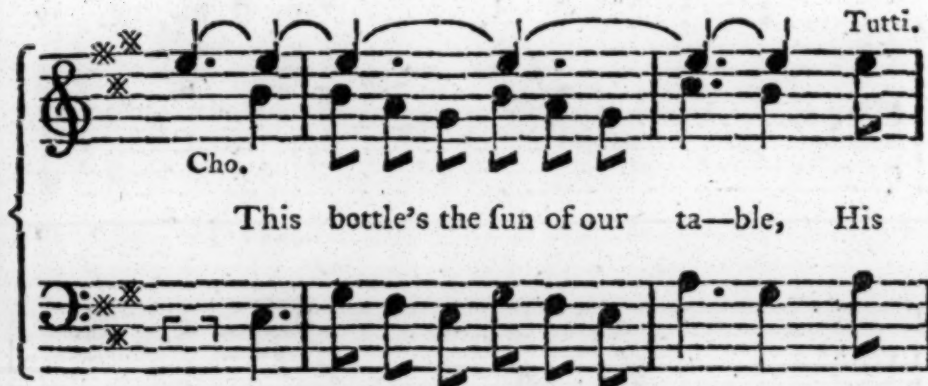


ta-ble, His beams are rose-y wine; rose-y

ta-ble, His beams are rose-y wine:

wine

Tutti.



Cho.

This bottle's the fun of our ta-ble, His

This bottle's the fun of our ta-ble, His

Solo.



beams are rose-y wine; We planets that are not

beams are rose-y wine.

able,

Cho.

a—ble, With—out his help to shine. We

We

planets that are not a-ble Without his help to

planets that are not a-ble Without his help to

shine. Put it round, - - -

shine.

Put it round, Put it

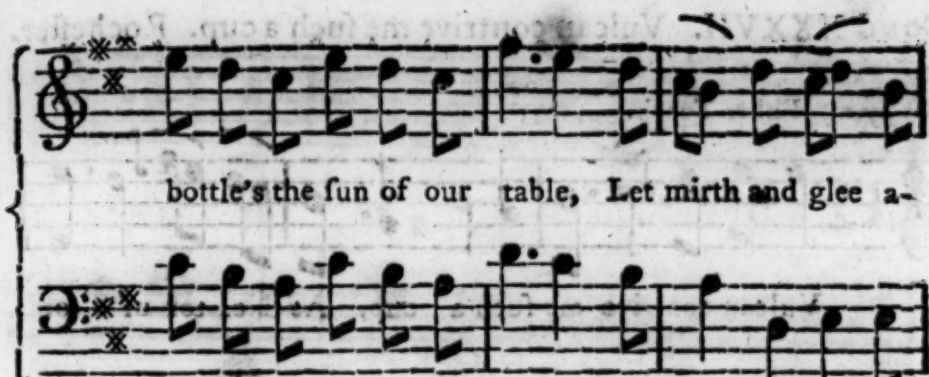
- - Let mirth and glee a-bound. This

round-

This

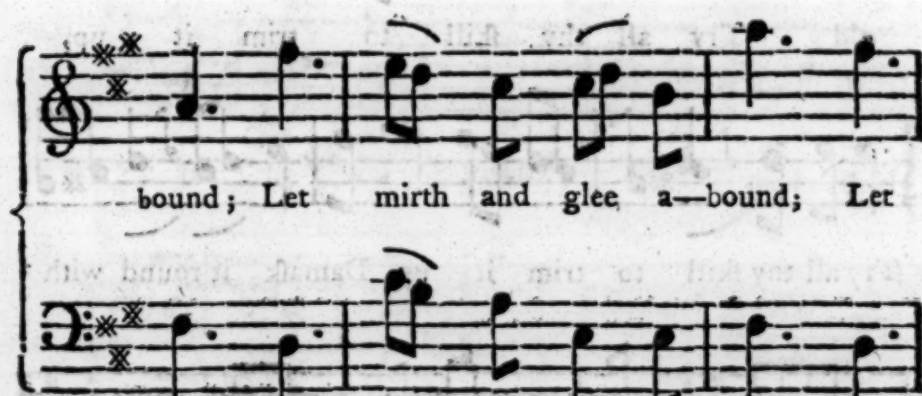
bottle's





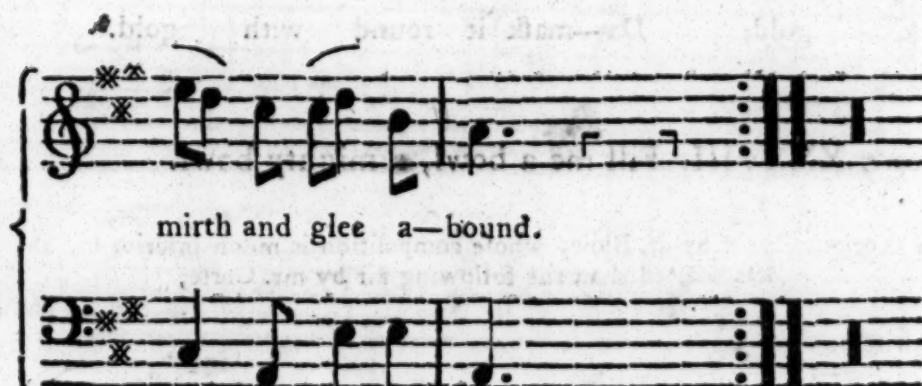
bottle's the fun of our table, Let mirth and glee a-

bottle's the fun of our ta-ble, Let mirth and glee a-



bound; Let mirth and glee a-bound; Let

bound; Let mirth and glee a-bound; Let



mirth and glee a-bound.

mirth and glee a-bound.

SONG XXXVII. Vulcan contrive me such a cup. Rochester.

Set by mr. Fisher Tench.



Vulcan contrive me such a cup, As Nes-tor us'd of



old; Try all thy skill to trim it up,



Try all thy skill to trim it up, Damask it round with



gold; Da-mask it round with gold.

SONG XXXVIII. Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl.

Was originally set by dr. Blow, whose composition is much inferior to, and less noticed than the following air by mr. Corfe,

Spiritofo.



Fill me a bowl, a might-y bowl,

Large



Large as my ca—pa—cious soul

*Fine.*



Vast as my thirst is, et it have Depth e-



nough to be my grave; I mean the



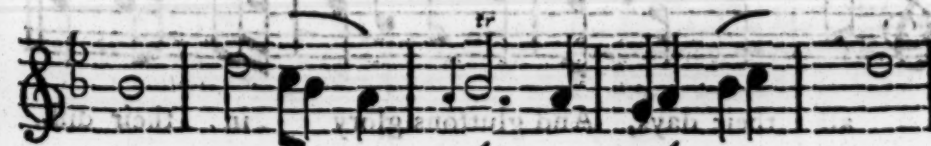
grave of all my care, For I de-



sigh to bu-ry't there. Let it of sil-ver



fashion'd be, Worth-y of wine, worthy of



me, Worth—y to a—dorn the spheres.

D 2

Worthy





Worth-y to a-dorn the spheres, As that bright



cup, as that bright cup a-mongst the stars.

SONG XXXIX. You know that our ancient philosophers hold.

Air unknown.

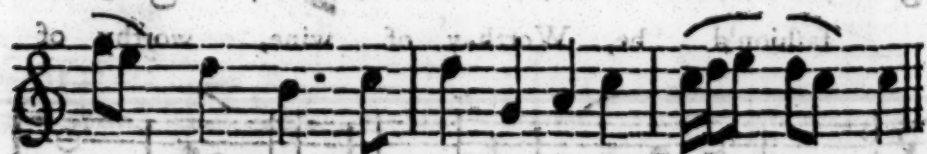
SONG XL. Let soldiers fight for pay and praise. Johnson.



Let soldiers fight for pay and praise, And

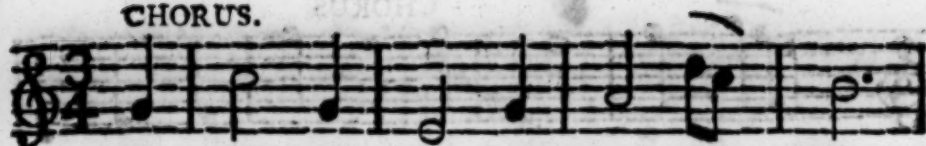


money be the mi-sers with; Poor scholars study



all their days, And gluttons glory in their dish.

CHORUS.



'Tis wine, pure wine re—vives sad souls,

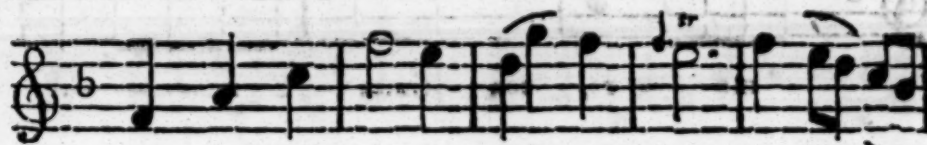


Therefore give me the cheer—ing bowls.

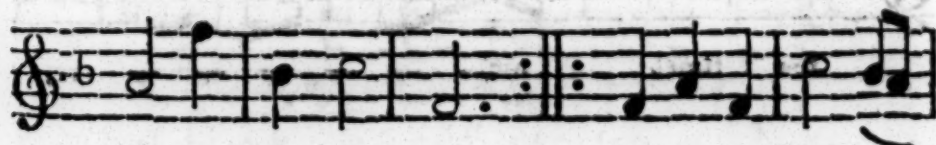
SONG XLI. Bacchus must now his power resign. Carey.



Bacchus must now his power re—sign,



I am the on—ly God of wine, I am the



on—ly God of wine : It is not fit the



wretch should be, In com—pe—ti—tion

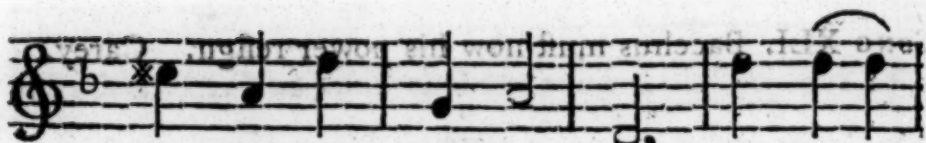
CHORUS.



Who can drink ten times more,



Who can drink ten times more, Who can drink



ten times more more than he. Ten times



mo — re, ten times mo — — re,



ten times mo — — — — — re,



Who can drink ten times more than he.



SONG XLII. I am the king and prince of drinkers.

Vivace.



I am the king and prince of drinkers,



Ranting, roaring, rattling boys; We de—spise your



ful—len thinkers, And fill the ta—vern

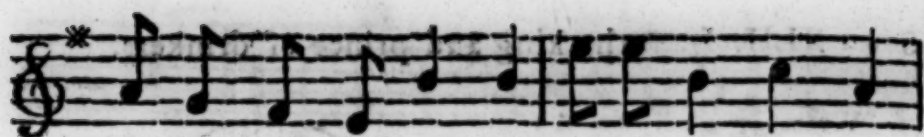


with our noise. We sing and we roar, And we

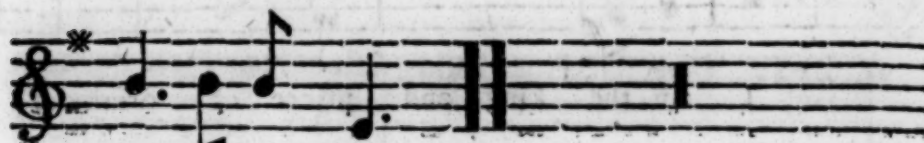


drink and call for more, And make more noise than





man who knows no care, He on-ly deserves the



name of a man.

**SONG XLIII. The man that is drunk is void of all care,**

*Tune, A shepherd kept sheep on a hill so high.*



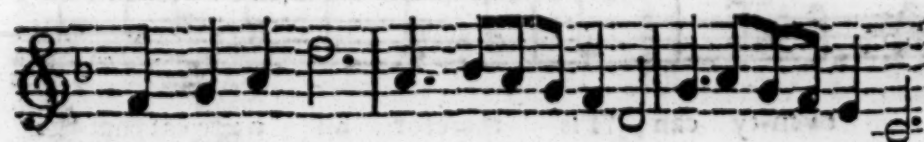
The man that is drunk is void of all care;  
He needs neither Parthi-an qui-ver nor spear;



Fa la la la la la la la la la: The  
Fa la la, &c.



Moors poison'd dart he scorns for to wield; His bottle alone is his



sword and his shield; Fa la la la la la fa la la la la,

Fa



Fa la la fa la fa fa la la la.

SONG XLIV. Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourts wine. Parnell.

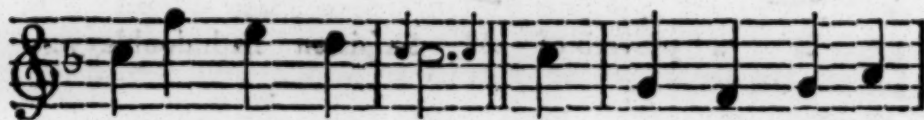
Set by mr. Galliard.



Gay Bacchus liking Estcourts wine, A no-ble meal be-



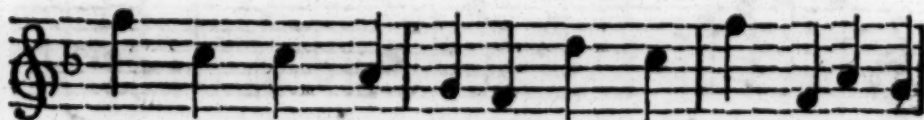
spoke us; And for the guests that were to dine, Brought



Comus, Love and Jocus. The God near Cu-pid



drew his chair; Near Comus Jo-cus plac'd; For



wine makes love for-get its care, And mirth exalts a



feast.



**SONG XLV. God prosper long from being broke. D. of**  
[Wharton.]

Tune *Chevy chase*. See the last air of Part III.

**SONG XLVI. Come, come my hearts of gold.**

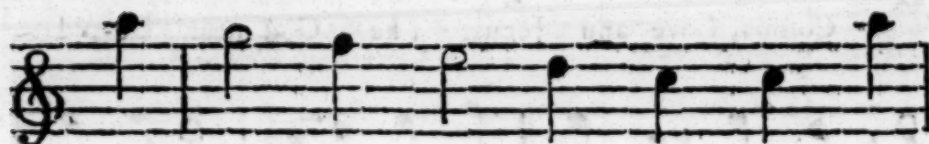
Tune, *Old Sir Simon the king*.



Come, come my hearts of gold, Let us be merry and wise; It



is a proverb of old, Suspicion hath double eyes:



Whate'er we say or do, Let's not



drink to disturb the brain; Let's laugh for an hour or two, And



ne'er be drunk a--gain.

**SONG XLVII.**

SONG XLVII. Ye true honest Britons who love your own land.  
[Garrick.]

Set by dr. Arne.



Ye true honest Britons who love your own land, Whose



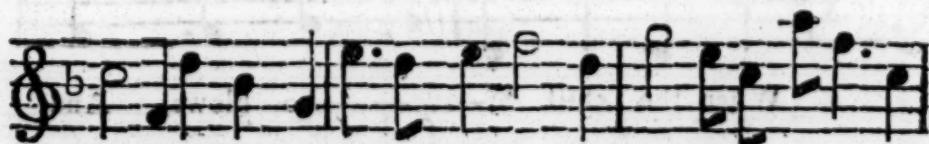
fires were so brave, so victo-ri-ous and free, Who



always beat France when they took her in hand, Come



join honest Bri-tons in cho-rus with me.

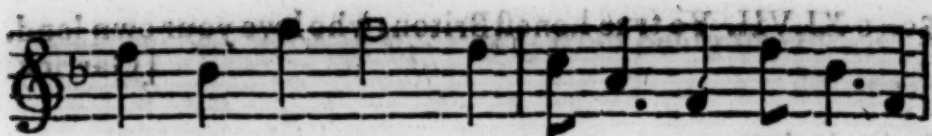


Join in chorus, in chorus with me; Come join honest Britons in



cho-rus with me. Let us sing our own treasures, Old

Englands



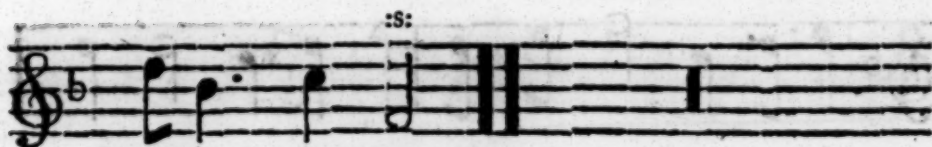
Englands good chear, The profits and pleasures of



stout British beer; Your wine-tipling, dram--sip--ing



fel-lows retreat, But your beer-drinking Britons can



never be beat.

### SONG XLVIII. When the chill Sirocco blows.

Moderato.



When the chill Si-roc—co blows, And



win—ter tells a hea—vy tale; When



pyes and daws, and rooks and crows Sit cursing of the

frosts





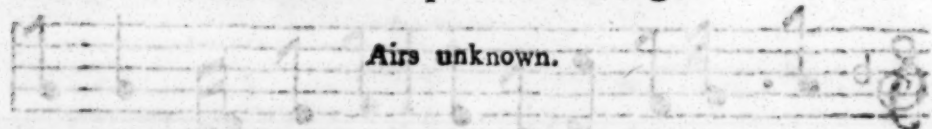
frosts and snows, Then give me ale, Then give me ale,



then give me ale.

SONG XLIX. Not drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both.

SONG L. Whilst some in epic strains delight.



Airs unknown.

SONG LI. I cannot eate but lytle meate.

Set, four parts in one, by mr. Walker, before the year 1600.



I cannot eate my meate, My stomacke is not



good; But fure I think that I can drynke With



him that weares a hood.

SONG LII.

SONG LII. Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with  
[mild ale. Fawkes.

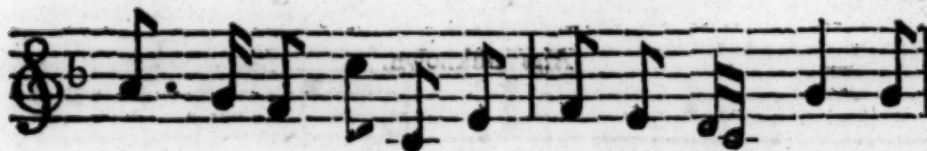
Set by mr. Hodson.



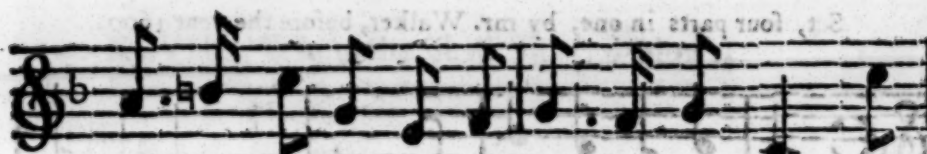
Dear Tom this brown jug that now foams with mild ale, (In



which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale) Was



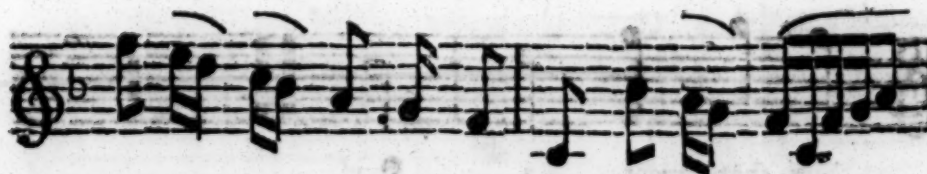
once To-by Fill-pot, a thirty old soul, As



e'er drank a bot-tle or fathom'd a bowl. In



bouf-ing about 'twas his praise to excell, And a-



mong jol-ly tope-ers he bore off the bell -

- bell



bell, He



bore off the bell.

SONG LIII. I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink.

[Brome:

Air unknown.

SONG LIV. Upbraid me not, capricious fair.

Set by mr. Leveridge.



Up-braid me not, ca—pri-cious fair, With



drinking to ex—cess; I should not want to drown de-



spair, Were your in—diff'rence less: Love me my dear and

you

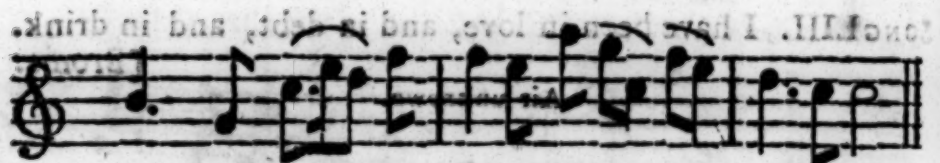




you shall find, When this excuse is gone, That all my



bliss, when Cloe's kind, All - - - my



bliss, when Cloe's kind, Is fix'd on her alone.



The god of wine the victory to beauty yields with



joy; The god of wine the victory to beau-ty



yields with joy; For Bacchus only drinks like me, when

Ariadne's



A-ri-adne's coy — — — — —



Bacchus only drinks like me, Bacchus only drinks like



me, like me, When A-ri-adne's coy.

SONG LV. My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine.  
[Woty.]

Allegro.



My temples with clus—ters of grapes I'll en-



twine, And barter all joys for a gob—let of

VOL. II.

E

wine;



wine; And barter all joys for a gob—let of



wine; In search of a Venus no longer I'll



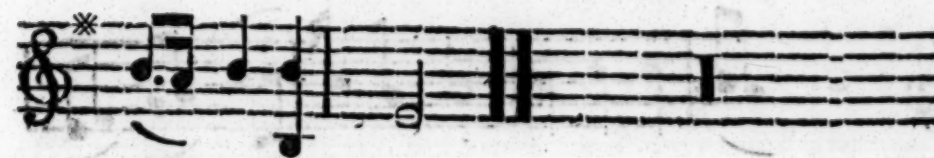
run, But stop and for—get her at Bacchuses



tun: No longer I'll run — — —



— — —, But stop and forget her at



Bac-chuses tun.



SONG LVI. With women and wine I defy every care. Woty.

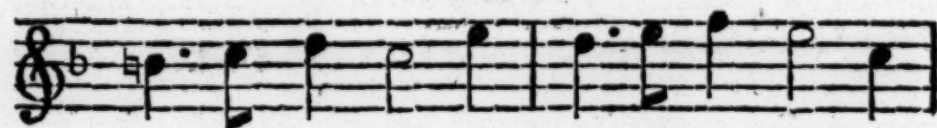
Set by mr. Baildon.



With women and wine I de-fy ev'ry care, For



life with-out these is a bubble of air; For



life with-out these, For life without these, For



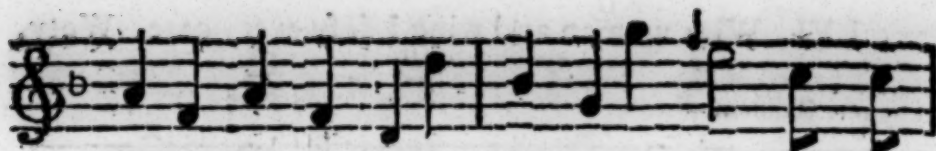
life without these is a bubble of air. Each



helping the other in plea-sure I roll, And a



new flow of spi-rits en-live—ns my foul, Each



helping the o-ther in pleasure I roll, And a



new flow of spirits en-live-ns my soul.

SONG LVII. Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join. Shenstone,

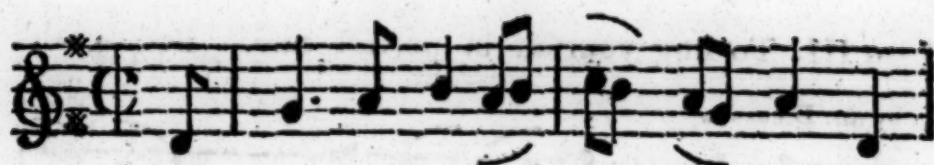
No air known.

A I R S.

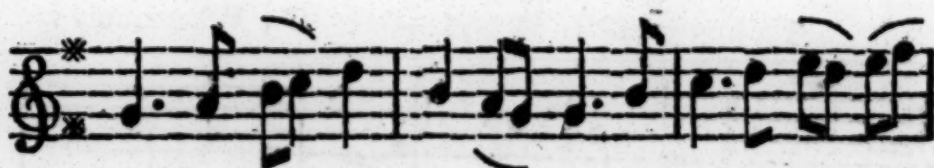
# A I R S.

## P A R T III.

SONG I. My mind to me a kingdom is.



My mind to me a king—dom is; Such



per—fect joy there—in I find, As far excells all



earth—ly blifs That God or Nature hath assign'd.



Though much I want that most would have, Yet





still my mind for—bids to crave.

SONG II. Would we attain the happiest state. Countess of [Winchelsea.

No air known.

SONG III. To hug yourself in perfect ease. Bedingfield.

Set by Mr. Dieupart.



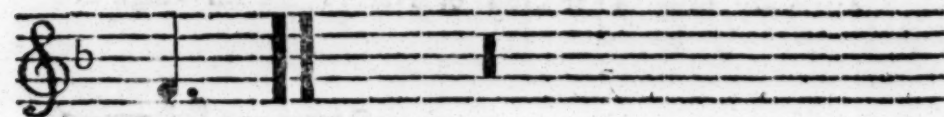
To hug yourself in per—fect ease, What would you



wish for more than these? A healthy clean pa-



ter—nal feat, Well shaded from the summers



heat.

SONG IV. I envy not the proud their wealth. Mrs. Pilkington.

SONG V. How happy is he born and taught. Wotton.

SONG VI. I envy not the mighty great. Jacob.

No airs known.

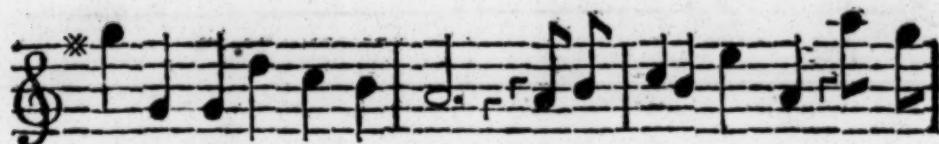
SONG VII:

SONG VII. What man, in his wits, had not rather be poor.  
[Wesley.]

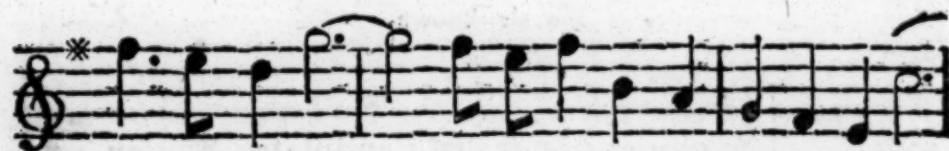
Set by mr. Leveridge.



What man, in his wits, had not rather be poor, Than for



lucre his freedom to give? Ever busy the means of his



life to se-cure, And so e-ver neglecting to live;



— And so e-ver neglect-ing to live.

SONG VIII. No glory I covet, no riches I want. Fitzgerald.

Set by mr. Abiel Whichello.



No glory I covet, no riches I want, Am-



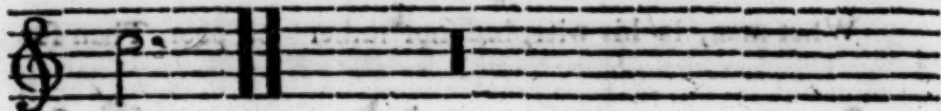
bition is nothing to me; The one thing I beg of kind

E 4

Heaven



Hea—ven to grant, Is a mind in—de—pendent and



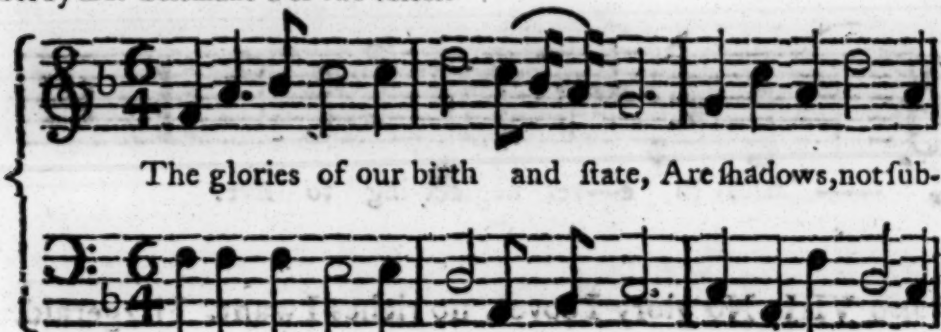
free.

SONG IX. Some hoist up fortune to the skies.

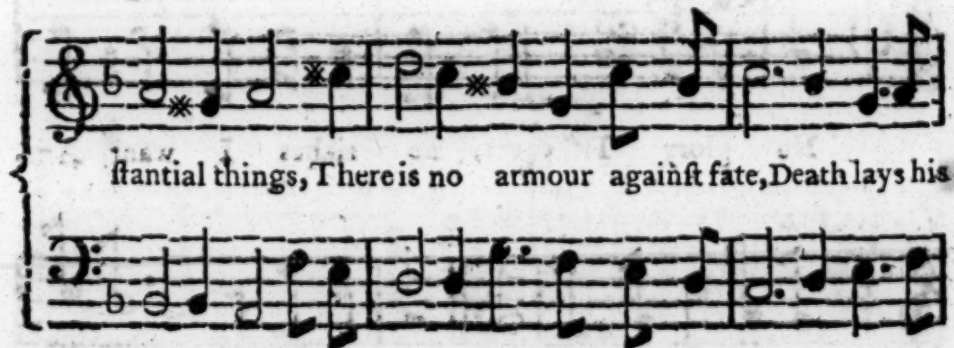
No air known.

SONG X. The glories of our birth and state. Shirley.

Set by Ed. Coleman. For two voices.



The glories of our birth and state, Are shadows, not sub-



stantial things, There is no armour against fate, Death lays his

icy



icy hands on Kings: Scepter and crown Must tumble

down, And in the dust be e—qual

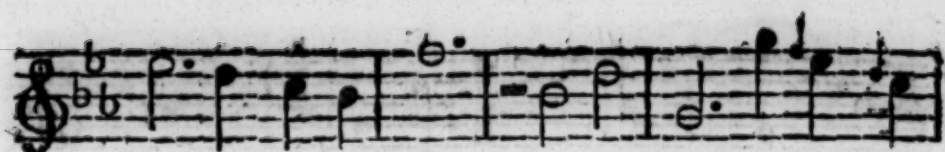
made, With the poor crooked scythe and spade,

SONG XI. Nor on beds of fading flowers. Dalton.

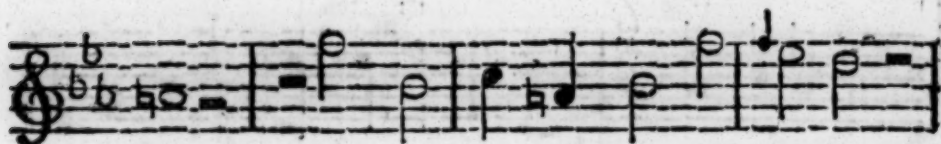
Set by dr. Arne.

Nor on beds of fade—ing flow'rs, Shed—ing

soon



soon their gawdy pride; Nor with swains in Sy—ren



bow'rs, Will true plea—sure, Will true pleasure



long re—side. On awful Vir—tues



hill sublime, Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;



Who wins her height must patient climb, The steps are



peril, toil and care. So from the first did Jove or—

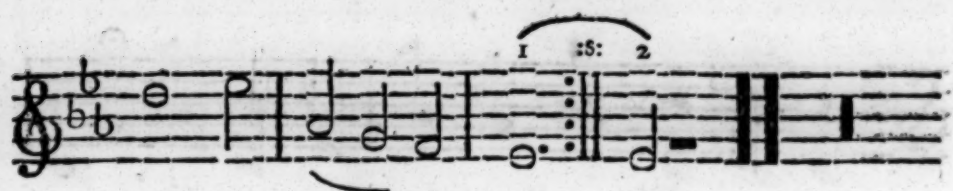


dain E—ter—nal bliss for transient pain; E—ter—nal

bliss



bliss for tranfient pain; E-ter-nal



bliss for tran—fient pain.

SONG XII. What frenzy must his soul possess. Hoole.

SONG XIII. To tinkling brooks, to twilight shades. Warton.

No airs known.

SONG XIV. Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks  
[we must shear. Garrick.

Set by mr. Michael Arne.



Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear,



In your ho-li-day suits with your lads-es appear; The



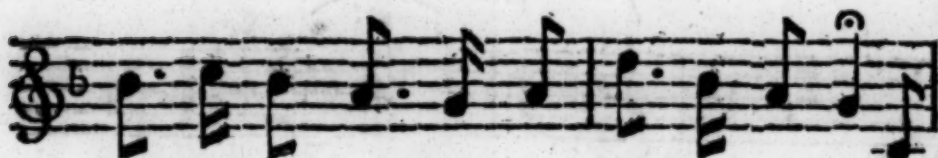
happiest of folk are the guile-les and free, And

who

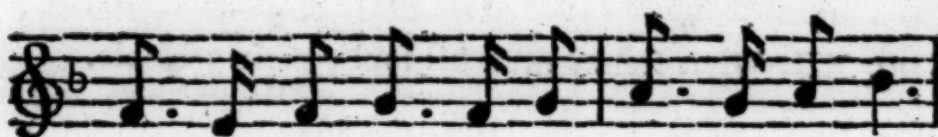




who are so guileless so hap-py as we?



Who are so guileless, so hap-py as we. The



hap-piest of folk are the guile-less and free,



guile-less and free, guileless and free, And



who are so guileless so hap-py as we?

SONG XV. How sacred and how innocent. Mrs. Phillips.

SONG XVI. Through groves sequester'd, dark and still.  
[Hawkefworth.]

No airs known.

SONG XVII.

SONG XVII. Goddess of ease leave Lethes brink. Smart.

Set by dr. Boyce.



God-ess of ease, leave Le—thes brink Ob-



se—quious to the muse and me; For



once en—dure the pain to think, O—



— sweet In—sen—si—bi—li—ty.



Sister of Peace and Indolence, Bring, muse, bring numbers



soft and flow; E-la-borately void of sense, And

sweet-

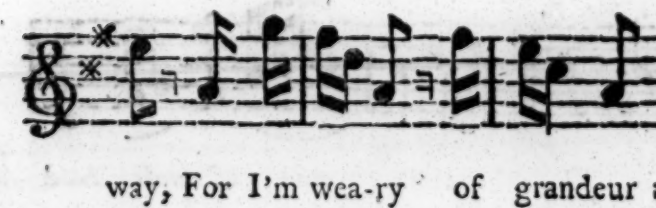


SONG XVIII. From the court to the cottag

Set by the author.



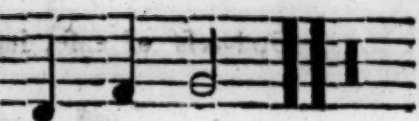
From the court to the cottag







let them flow;



let them flow,

the cottage convey me away.  
[Carey,



the cottage con-vey me a-



grandeur and what they call



the cottage con-vey me a-



grandeur and what they call

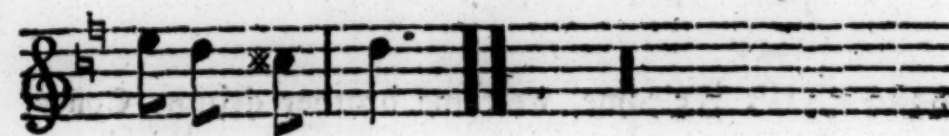
gay :



gay : Where pride with-out mea-sure and



pomp without pleasure, Make life in a cir-cle of



hur-ry de-cay.

SONG XIX. Princes that rule and empire sway. Otway.

SONG XX. What is th' existence of mans life. Bp. King.

SONG XXI. The sweet and blushing rose. Lillo.

SONG XXII. Man's a poor deluded bubble. Doddsley.

No airs known.

SONG XLIX. O say what is that thing call'd light. Cibber.

Set by mr. Stanley.



O say, what is that thing call'd light, Which



I can ne'er en-joy? What are the

blessings



bles—ings of the fight? O tell, tell your



poor blind boy.

SONG XXIV. Welcome, welcome brother debtor. Coffey.



Welcome, wel—come, bro—ther debtor, To this



poor but merry place; Where no bai—lif, dun, or

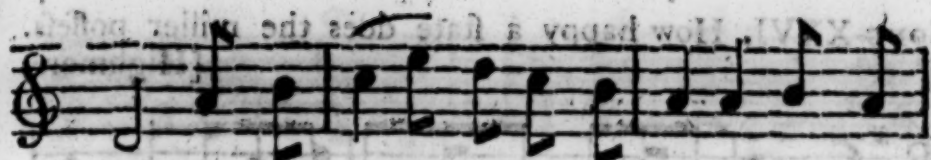


fetter Dare to show his frightful face. But, kind



sir, as you're a stranger, Down your garnish you must

lay;

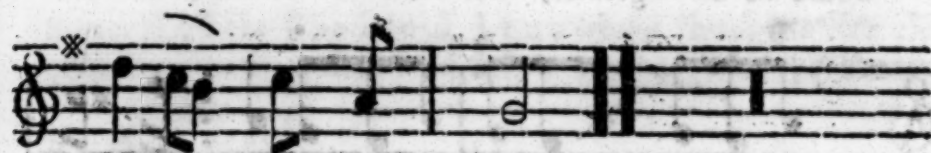


lay, Or your coat will be in danger, You must



ei—ther strip or pay:

You must



ei—ther strip or pay.

SONG XXV. How pleasant a failors life pafses.



How pleasant a failors life pafses, Who



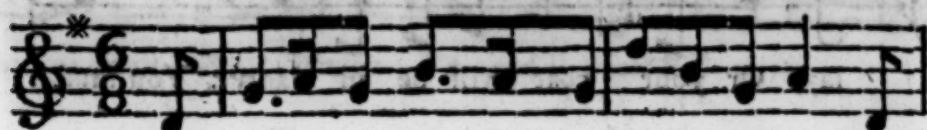
roams o'er the wa—tery main; No treasure he e—ver a—



mases, But chearfully spends all his gain.



SONG XXVI. How happy a state does the miller possess.  
[Highmore.]



How happy a state does the miller possess, Who



would be no greater, nor fears to be less; On his



mill and himself he depends for support, Which is



better than servilely cringing at court. What tho' he all dusty and



whiten'd does go, The more he's be—powder'd the



more like a beau: A clown in this dress may be



honester far Than a courtier who struts in his  
garter.



garter and star; Than a courtier who struts in his



gar—ter and star.

SONG XXVII. The honest heart whose thoughts are clear.  
[Bickerstaff.]

Set to a tune of Mr. Festing.



The ho—nest heart whose thoughts are clear From



fraud disguise and guile, Need nei—ther Fortunes



frowning fear, Nor court the har—lots smile: The



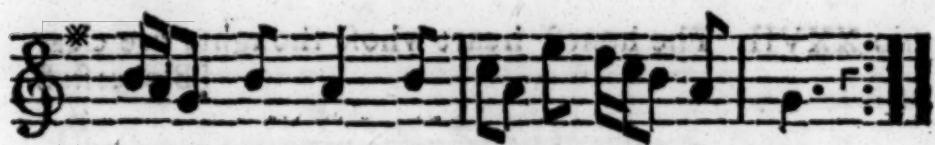
greatness that would make us grave Is but an emp—ty,



emp-ty thing; What more than mirth would mortals have? What



more than mirth would mor-tals have? The chearful, chearful



man's a king, The chearful man's a king.

SONG XXVIII. If I live to grow old, as I find I go down. Pope.

Set by dr. Blow.



If I live to grow old, as I find I go



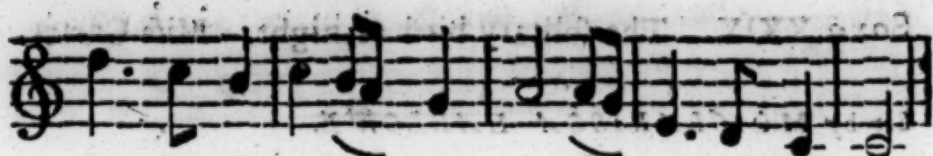
down, Let this be my fate in a coun-try



town; May I have a warm house with a stone at my

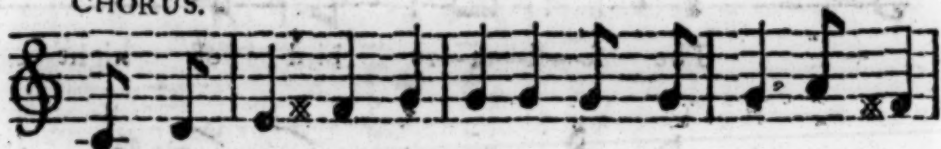
gate,



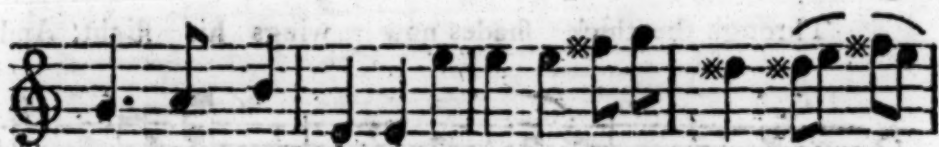


gate, And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate;

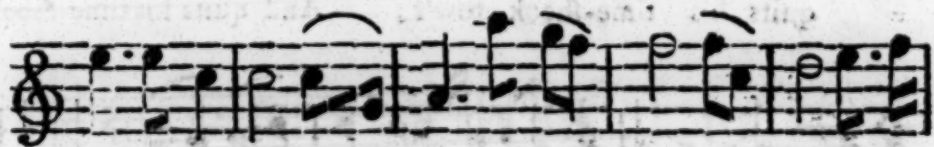
CHORUS.



May I go-vern my passion with an ab-so-lute



sway, And grow wiser and better as my strength wears a-



way, Without gout or stone, Without gout or stone by a



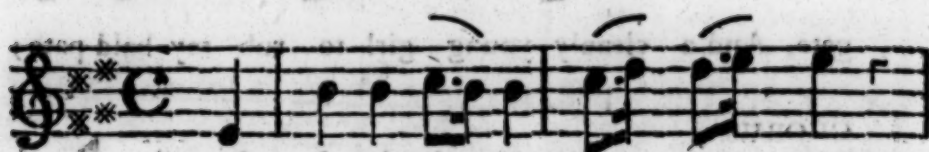
gentle de-cay, by a gen- - - - -



- - - - -le de-cay.

SONG XXIX, The solitary bird of night. Miss Carter.

Set by Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.



The fo-li-ta-ry bird of night



Through the thick shades now wings his flight, And



quits his time-shook tow'r; And quits his time-shook



tow'r; Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day, In



phi--lo-sophic gloom he lay, Be-neath his i--vy



bow'r; Beneath his i--vy bow'r.

SONG XXX.

SONG XXX. Friendship peculiar gift of heaven. Mrs.  
[Williams.]

No air known.

SONG XXXI. The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit.

Set by mr. John Gerrard. *tr*



Moderately brisk.

The world my dear My-ra is full of de-



ceit, And friendship's a jew-el we feldom can



meet; How strange does it seem, that, in searching a-



round, This source of content is so rare to be



found. O friendship, thou balm, and rich

F 4

sweet-

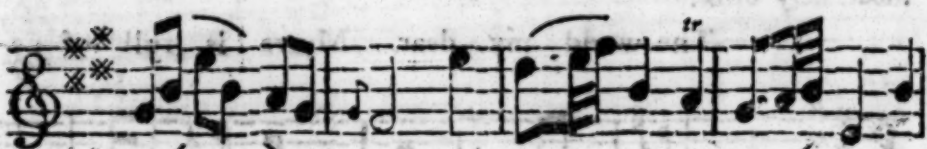




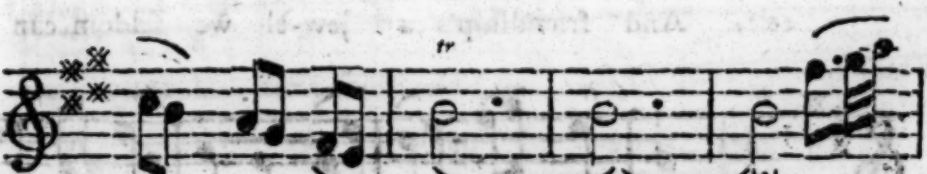
sweet'ner of life, Kind parent of ease and com-



pos-er of strife, With-out thee, a-las! what are



riches and pow'r? But emp-ty de-lu-sion, the



joys of an hour — — —; But



emp-ty de-lu-sion, the joys of an hour.

SONG XXXII. Blow, blow, thou winter wind. Shakspeare.

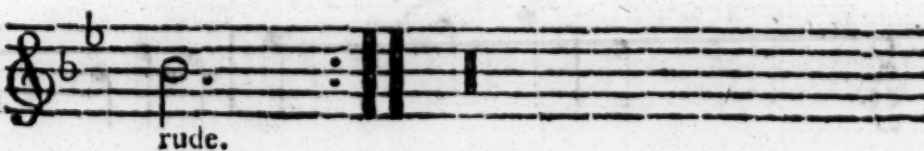
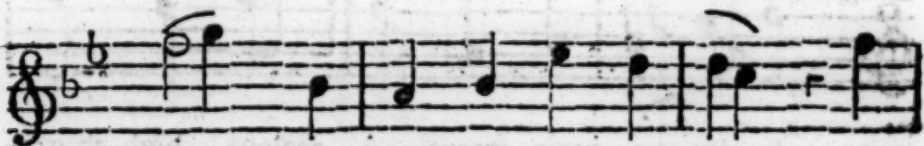
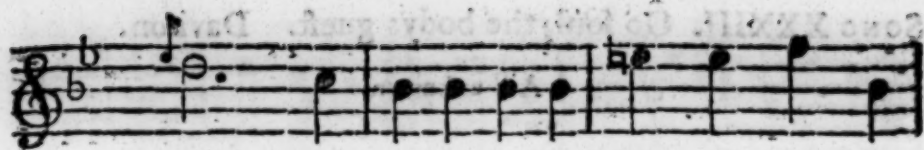
Set by dr. Arne.



Gently.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so un-

kind



SONG XXXIII.

SONG XXXIII. Go foul, the bodys guest. Davison.

Air unknown.

SONG XXXIV. When this old cap was new.

"To the tune of, Ile nere be drunk againe."

SONG XXXV. In good king Charleses golden days.



In good king Charleses golden days, When



loyalty no harm meant, A zealous high-church-



man I was, And so I got pre-ferment. To



teach my flock I ne-ver mist Kings were by God ap-



pointed! And damn'd are those that do resist, Or

touch



CHORUS.



touch The Lords A—nointed: And this is law I



will maintain, Un—till my dy-ing day, fir, That



whatfo—ever king shall reign, I'll be the Vicar of



Bray, fir.

SONG XXXVI. Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer! Stevens.

See the Music to Song LXIV. in this part.

SONG XXXVII. You gentlemen of England.



You gentlemen of England, Who live at home at

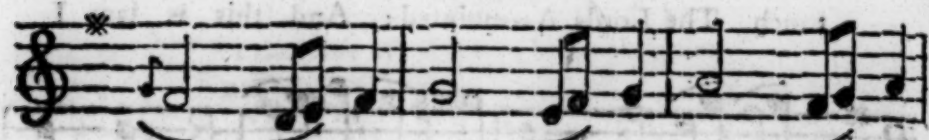


ease, How little do you think upon The dangers of the

seas :

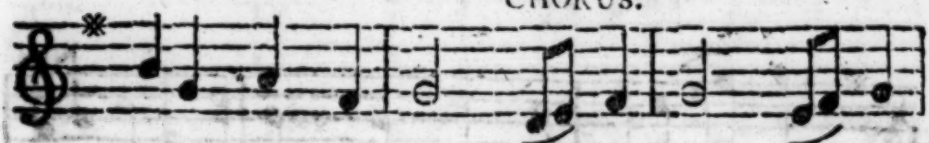


seas : Give ear unto the ma-ri-ners, And they will plainly

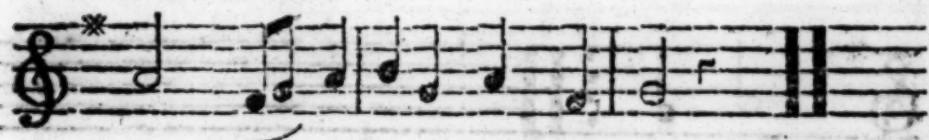


show, All the cares, and the fears, When the

CHORUS.



stormy winds do blow : All the cares, and the



fears, When the stormy winds do blow.

SONG XXXVIII. The wretch condemn'd with life to part,  
[Goldsmith.]

Set by mr. Hook.



The wretch condemn'd with life to part, Yet,



yet on hope re--lies : And ev'ry pang that

rends



rends the heart Bids ex-pec-ta-tion



rife : And ev'-ry pang that rends the heart Bids



ex-pec-ta-tion rife.

Hope, like the gleamy



ta-pers light, Adorns and clears our way ; And



still, as darker grows the night, E-



mits a brighter ray.

Hope like the gleam-y

tapers





ta—pers light, A-dorns and cheers our way; And



still, as dark-er grows the night, E—



mits a brighter ray; E—mits a bright-er



ray; E—mits a brighter ray.

SONG XXXIX. O memory! thou fond deceiver. Goldsmith.

Air unknown.

SONG XL. Gently stir and blow the fire.

*Signor Geminiani's minuet.*



Gen—tly stir and blow the fire,

the



Lay the mutton down to roast; Dress it



quick--ly I de--fire, In the dripping



put a toast, That I hun--ger



may re--move, Mut--ton is the meat I



love.

**SONG XLI. When Orpheus went down to the regions below.**  
[Lille.]

Set by dr. Boyce.



When Orpheus went down to the regions below, Which

men



men are for-bid-den to see; He tun'd up his lyre as old



histories show, To set his Eury-dice free, To



set his Eu-ry-dice free. All hell was astonish'd a



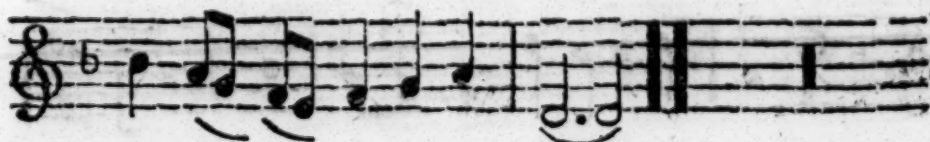
per-son so wise should rashly endanger his life, And



venture so far, but how vast their surprise! When they



heard that he came for his wife; How vast their surprise! when they

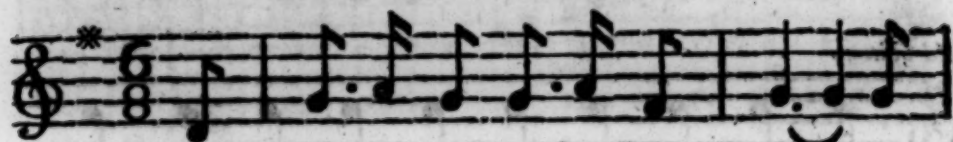


heard that he came for his wife.

SONG XLII.



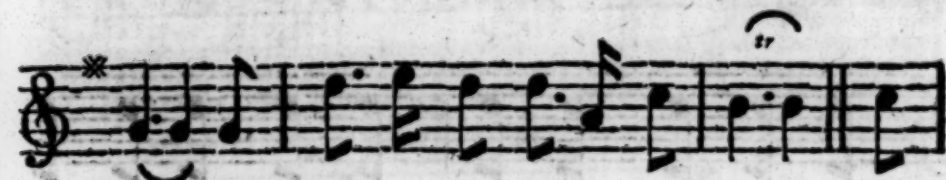
SONG XLII. Two goffips they merryly met: *NEW MUSIC*



Two goffips they merry—ly met, At



nine in the morning full soon; And they were resolv'd for a



whet, To keep their sweet voices in tune: A-



way to the tavern they went; Here, Joan, I do vow and pro-



test, That I have a crown yet un-spent; Come,



let's have a cup of the best.

SONG XLIII. With an old song, made by an old ancient pate.

*Ad libitum*



With an old song, made by an old ancient



pate, Of an old wor—ship—full gen—tle—man,



who had a great estate, Who kept an old house



at a boun—ty—full rate, And an old porter



to re—lieve the poor at his gate: Like an old



courtier of the queens, And the queens old courtier.

SONG XLIV

SONG XLIV. When daffodils begin to peer. Shakspeare.

This tune is not known to have been ever printed before, and was not obtained without some difficulty. The two last verses were transposed in the copy, but are here placed in their proper order.



When daf—fodils be—gin to peer, With, hey! the doxy



o—ver the dale! Why then comes in the



sweet o' the year, For the red blood reigns in the



winters pale. The white sheet bleaching



on the hedge, With, hey! the sweet birds, how they sing! Doth





set my pug-ing tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a



dish for a king: The white sheet bleach-ing



on the hedge, With, hey! the sweet birds,



how they sing! Doth set my pug-ing



tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a



dish for a king. The lark, that tir-ra lit-ra,

tirra



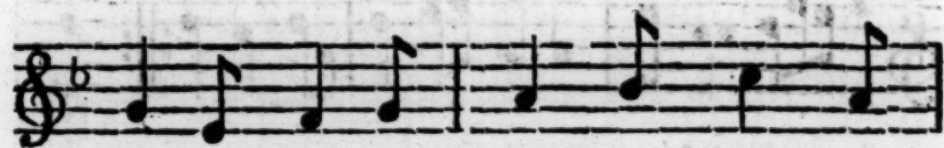
tir-ra lir-ra chaunts, With, hey! with, hey! the



thrush and the jay! Are summer songs for



me and my aunts, As we lye tumbling



in the hay; As we lye tum—bling



tumbling, tumbling, As we lye tum—bling



in the hay.

SONG XLV. When daysies pied, and violets blue, Shakspeare,

Set by dr. Arne.



*Allegro non troppo.*

When daysies pied, and violets blue, And



lady-smocks all silver white, And cuckow-buds of



yellow hue, Do paint the meadows with delight, The



cuckow, then, on ev'ry tree, Mocks marry'd men,



mocks marry'd men, mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he:



Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow,  
cuckow,





cuckow, cuckow; — o word of



fear! o word of fear! Un-pleasing to a



marry'd ear, Un-pleasing to a marry'd ear.

SONG XLVI. When icicles hang on the wall. Shakspeare.

Set by dr. Arne.

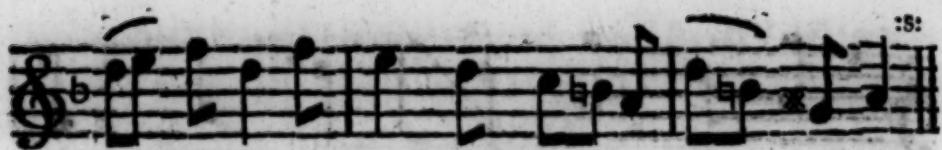


Poco allegro.

When i-ci-cles hang by the wall, And



Dick the shepherd blows his nail, And Tom bears legs in-



to the hall, And milk comes frozen home in pail;

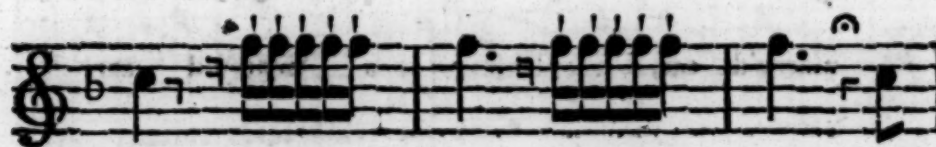
*Pia.*



When blood is nip'd and ways be foul, Then nightly sings the



staring owl; Then nightly sings the staring owl: Tu-



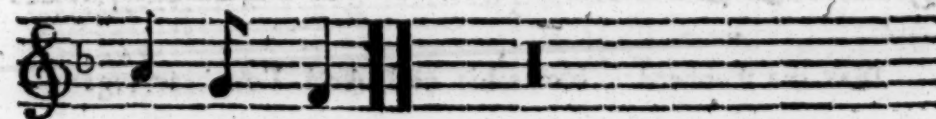
whit, tu-whoo; — tu-whoo; — a



merry, merry note; a merry, merry note; While



greasy Joan, greasy Joan, While greasy Joan doth

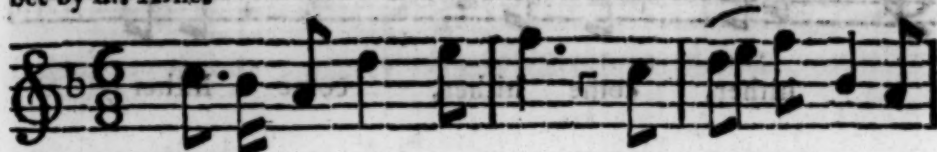


keel the pot.

SONG XLVII.

SONG XLVII. Under the green-wood tree. Shakspeare.

Set by dr. Arne.



Non troppo allegro.

Under the green-wood tree, Who loves to lye with



me, And tune his merry note, his



merry, merry note, Unto the sweet birds throat; And



tune his merry note, Un—to the sweet birds



throat; Come hither, hither, come



hither, come hither, come hither, come

hither,





hither, come hither, come hither;



Here shall he see No enemy, But winter and rough



weather; Here shall he see No enemy, But



winter and rough weather; Here shall he see No



enemy, But winter, but winter and rough



weather, rough weather, But winter and rough

weather.



weather, Under the green-wood tree, Who



loves to lye with me, And tune his merry



note Unto the sweet birds throat; And tune his merry



note Unto the sweet birds throat; Come hither,



hither, hither, hither, Come



hither, come hither, come hither, come hither, come



hither, come hither, come hither.

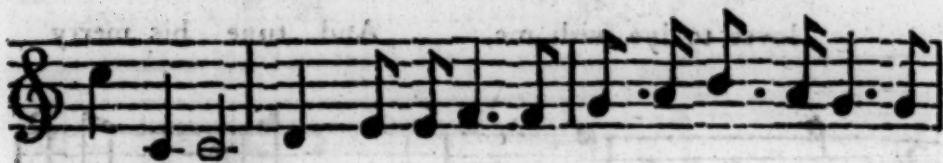
SONG XLVIII.

Song XLVIII. Forth from my dark and dismal cell.

Set by Mr. Purcell.



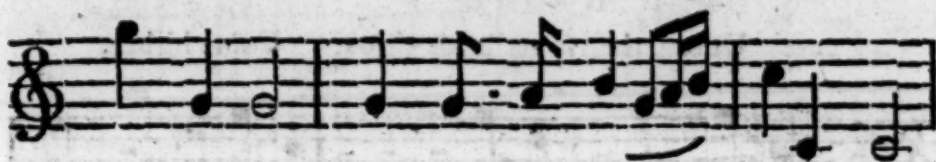
Forth from my dark and dismal cell, Or from the deep a-



byss of hell, Mad Tom-is come to view the world again, To



see if he can cure his distemper'd brain. Fears and cares op-



press my soul, Hark! how the an-gry Furies howl:



Pluto laughs, and Pro-ser-pine is glad, To



see poor an-gry Tom of Bed-lam mad.

Through





Through the world I wander, night and day, To



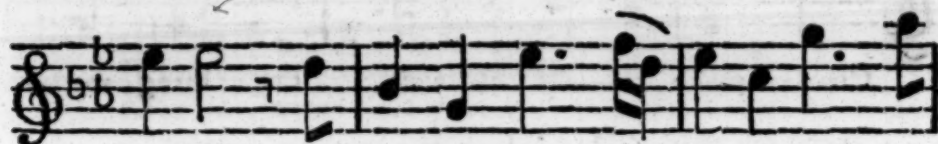
find my straggling senses; In an angry mood I



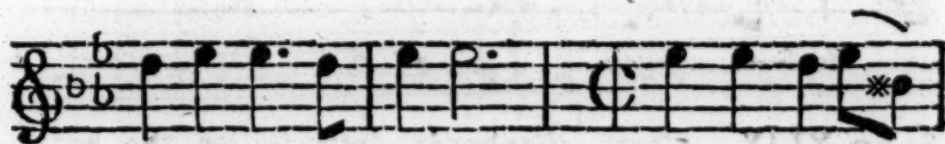
met old Time, With his pentateuch of senses, When



me he spies, A—way he flies, For Time will stay for



no man; In vain, with cries, I rend the skies, For

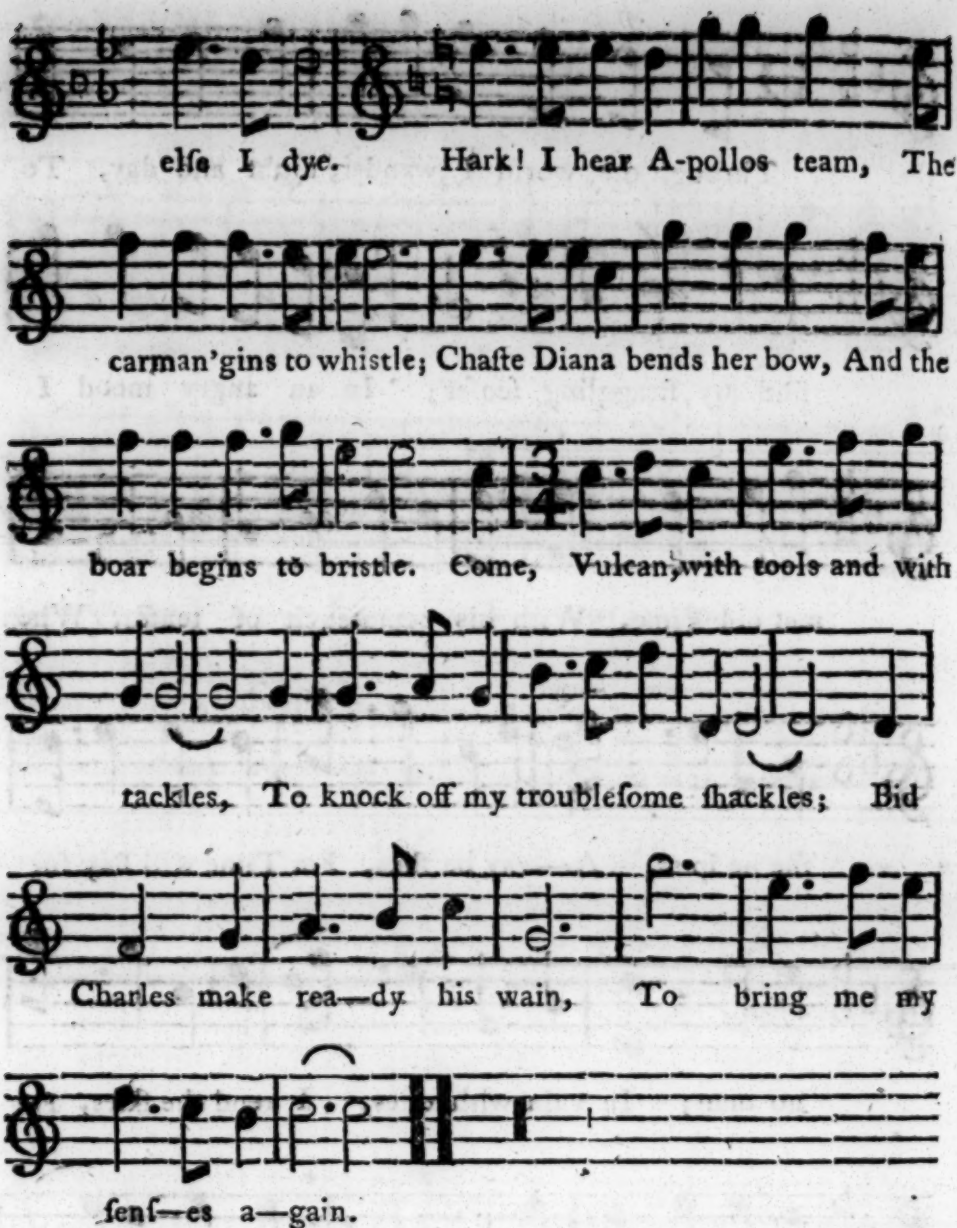


pi—ty is not common. Cold and comfort—



less I lye, Help, help, oh help! or

else



else I dye. Hark! I hear A-pollos team, The  
 carman'gins to whistle; Chafte Diana bends her bow, And the  
 boar begins to bristle. Come, Vulcan, with tools and with  
 rackles, To knock off my troublesome shackles; Bid  
 Charles make ready his wain, To bring me my  
 senses a—gain.

SONG XLIX. Come, shepherds, let's follow the hearfe.  
 [Cunningham.  
 No air of merit has been met with. But *quære* if it were not set by  
 dr. Alcock of Litchfield?

SONG L. Sleep, sleep, poor youth, sleep, sleep in peace.  
 D'Urfe.  
 This air has not been found.

SONG LI. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest. Collins.  
 Has only been set as a glee.

SONG LII.

SONG LII. To fair Fideles grassy tomb. Collins.

Set by dr. Arne.



To fair Fi-de-les grass-y tomb, Soft



maids and village hinds shall bring Each op'ning



sweet of earlyest bloom, And ri-se all the



breath-ing spring.

SONG LIII. Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream.  
[Garrick.]

Set by dr. Arne.



Larghetto.

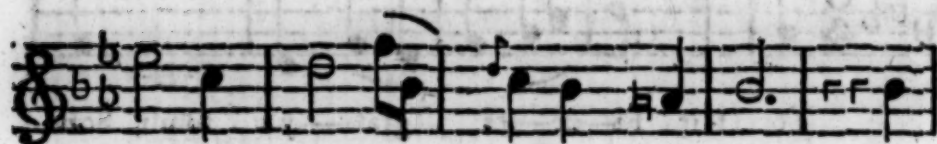
Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream, Of

things





things more than mortal thy Shakspeare would dream, would



dream, would dream, thy Shakspeare would dream: The



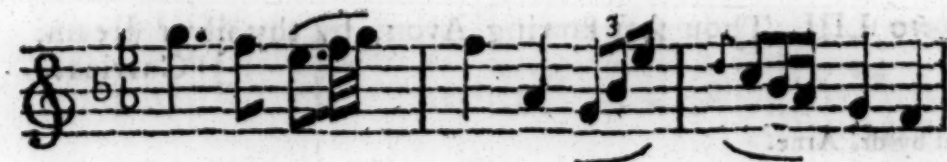
Fairies, by moonlight, dance round the green bed, For



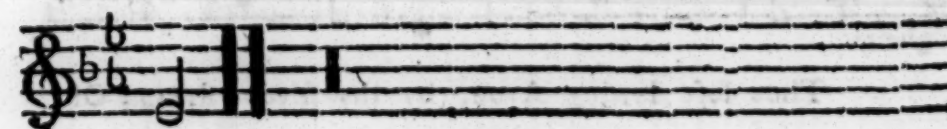
hallow'd the turf is which pil-low'd his head: The



Fairies, by moonlight, dance round the green bed, For



hallow'd the turf is which pil-low'd his



head.

SONG LIV.

SONG LIV. Oft i've implor'd the gods in vain. Mrs. Greville.

Has been set as a Cantata.

SONG LV. Come, follow, follow me.



Come, follow, follow me, Ye Fairy Elves that



be Light trip-ing o'er the green; Come



follow Mab your queen: Hand in hand we'll dance around;



For this place is Fairy ground.

**SONG LVI. Lo! here, beneath this hallow'd shade.**

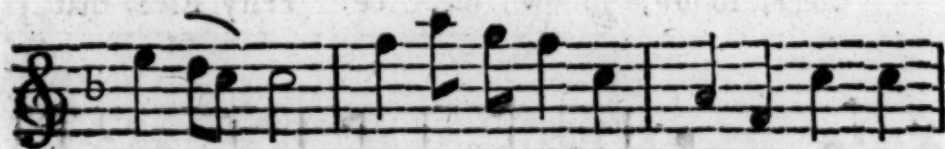
No air known.

**SONG LVII. From Oberon, in Fairy-land.**

"Tune is, *Dul ma.*" \*



From Oberon, in Fairy land, The king of ghosts and



shadows there, Mad Robin I, at his command, Am



sent to view the night sports here; What revel rout is



kept about, In every corner where I go, I will o'ersee, and



merry be, And make good sport, with ho! ho! ho!

**SONG LVIII.**

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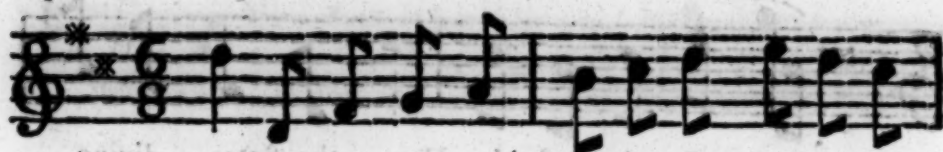
\* This Song, which is very old, may be seen in Percys collection.



SONG LVIII. Happy insect, what can be. Cowley.

No air known, worth inserting.

SONG LIX. Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays.



Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays,



Form'd in fancy, and whistled on reeds, Sung to solace young



nymphs upon holydays, Are too un—worth-y for



wonderfull deeds. Sot-ish Silenus To Phœbus the genius Was



sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare, In phrase nicely coin'd,



And verse quite refin'd, How the states divine

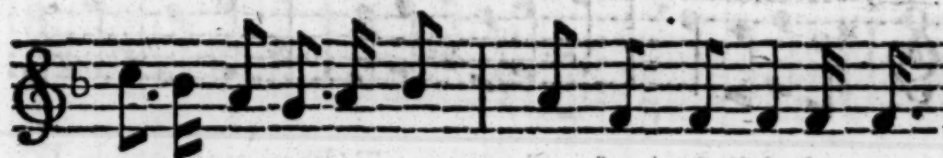


hunted the hare.

SONG LX. Hark! hark! jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale.



Hark! hark! jol-ly sportsmen, a while to my tale, To



pay your attention I'm sure it can't fail: 'Tis of

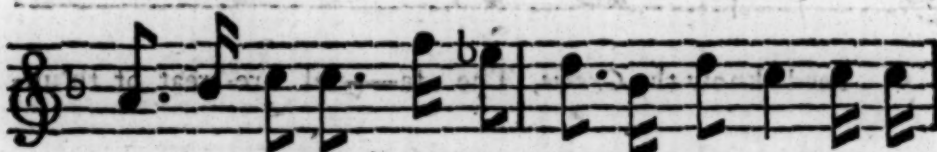
lads,



lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire, O'er



stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar: A



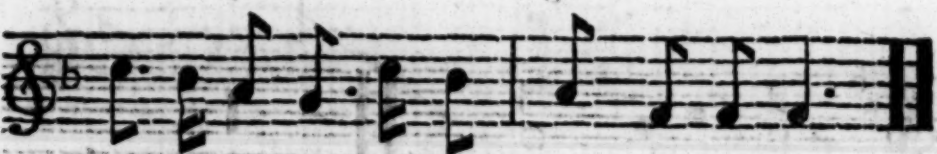
pack of such hounds, and a set of such men, 'Tis a



shrewd chance if ever you meet with again; Had



Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there, 'Fore



gad he had shook like an aspen, for fear.



SONG LXI. Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the  
[Grève. Prior.



Who has e'er been at Pa-ris must



needs know the Grève, The fa-tal re-treat of th'un-



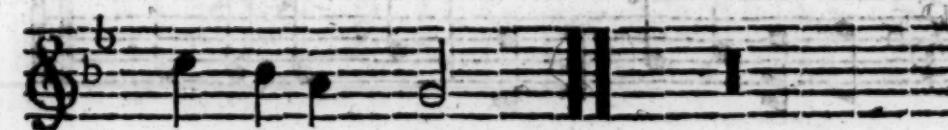
for-tu-nate brave; Where ho-nour and justice most



odd-ly con-tribute To ease heroes pains by a



hal-ter and gib-bet. Der-ry down, down,



hey derry down.

SONG LXII.

SONG LXII. In Tyburn-road a man there liv'd.

May be sung to the *Children in the wood*, (See the music, Part I. Class III.  
Song XLI.)

SONG LXIII. As near Porto Bello lying. Glover.



As near Por-to Bello ly—ing On the gently swelling



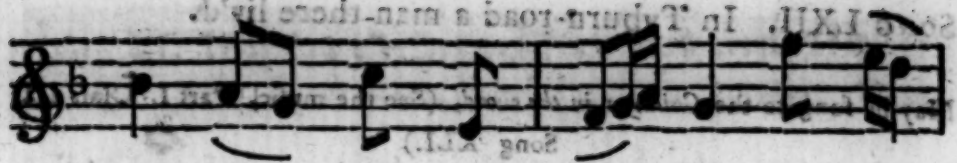
flood, At mid—night, with streamers flying, Our tri-



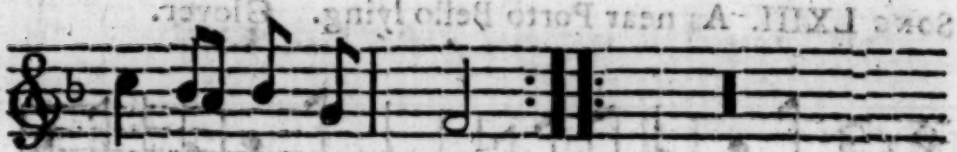
umphant navy rode; There, while Ver-non fate all-



glorious From the Spaniards late de—feat, And his



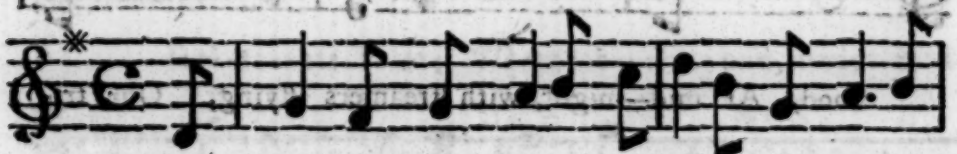
crews, with shouts vic—to-ri-ous, Drank suc-



cess to Englands fleet.

SONG LXIV. The muse and the hero together are fir'd.

Set by mr. Oswald.



The muse and the hero together are fir'd, The



same noble views have their bo-soms in-spir'd; As



free-dom they love, and for glory con-tend, The

muse





muse o'er the he—ro still mourns as a friend; And



here let the muse her poor tri—bute bequeath To



one Brit—ish he—ro, 'tis brave cap—tain Death; 'Tis



brave cap—tain Death, 'tis brave captain Death; To



one British he—ro, 'tis brave captain Death.

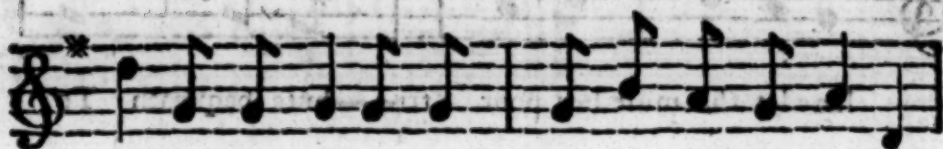
SONG LXV.

Song LXV. Thursday in the morn, the ides of May.

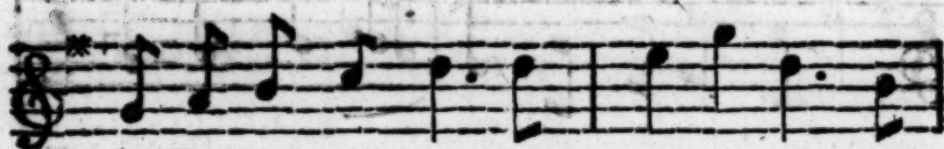
Set by mr. Ackeroyde.



Thursday in the morn, the ides of May, Re-



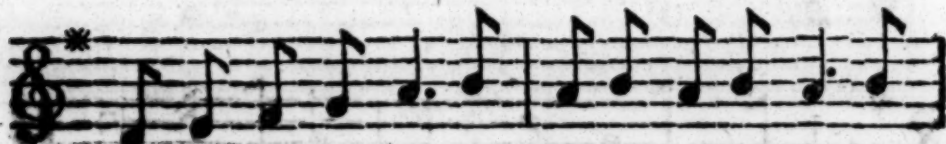
corded for e-ver the fa-mous ninety two, Brave



Ruf-fel did dis-cern, by dawn of day, The



lofty fails of France ad-vancing now: All

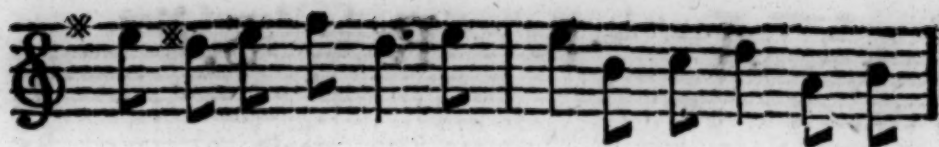


hands a-loft, a-loft, let English valour shine, Let



fly a cul-ve-rin, the signal of the line; Let

every



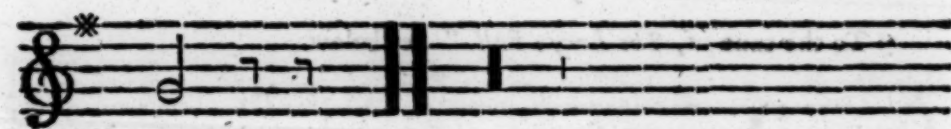
every hand supply his gun; Follow me, And you'll



see That the bat—tle will be soon be-gun: Fol-low



me, And you'll see That the battle will be soon be—



gun.

A I R S.



# A I R S.

## P A R T IV.

**BALLAD I.** Lord Thomas he was a bold forester.

"To a pleasant tune called, *Lord Thomas, &c.*"

**BALLAD II.** As it fell out upon a day.

The notes of the tune or tunes to these two ballads have not been discovered.

**BALLAD III.** You dainty dames so finely fram'd.

"To the tune of, *The Lady's Fall.*" See below.

**BALLAD IV.** When Troy town, for ten years wars.



When Troy town, for ten years wars, With-



stood the Greeks in man—ful wife,

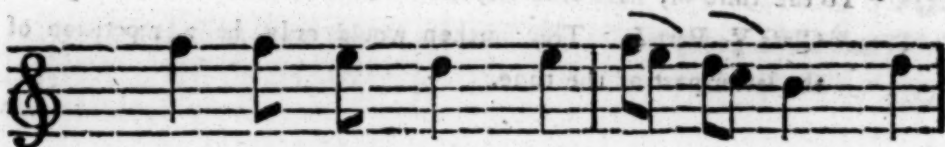
Then



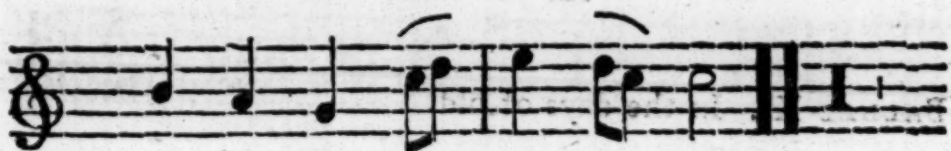
Then did their foes en—crease so fast, That



to re—fist, none could suf—fice.



Waste lie those walls, that were so good, And



corn now grows where Troy town stood.

#### BALLAD V. Will you hear a Spanish lady.

"To a pleasant new tune." Not known.

#### BALLAD VI. Mark well my heavy doleful tale.

"To the tune of, *In Pescod-time, &c.*" This is presumed to be the same air with that of the *Children in the Wood*.

#### BALLAD VII.

**BALLAD VII.** As it fell out on a high holiday.

"To an excellent new tune." The same perhaps, with that of one  
one or both of the two first Ballads.

**BALLAD VIII.** When as king Henry rul'd this land.

The tune is, most probably either that of *The Lady's Fall*, or that  
of *Chevy Chase*.

**BALLAD IX.** If Rosamond, that was so fair.

"To the tune of, *Live with me, &c.*" See the first air to Song LI.  
Class V. Part I. The burthen would only be a repetition of  
the latter part of the tune.

**BALLAD X.** There was a youth, and a well beloved youth.

Air not known.

**BALLAD XI.** In the days of old.

"To the tune of, *Crimson Velvet*."

**BALLAD XII.** You beauteous ladies great and small.

"To the tune of *Floras Farewell* : or, *Summertime* : or, *Loves Tide*."

**BALLAD XIII.** Now ponder well, you parents dear.

"To the tune of *Rogero, &c.*" See the Music, Part I. Class III.  
Song XLI.

**BALLAD XIV.**



**BALLAD XIV. All youths of fair England,**

"To the tune of, *The Merchant*."

**BALLAD XV. Henry our royal king would ride a hunting.**

"To the tune of *The French Lays*, &c."

**BALLAD XVI. I'll tell you a story, a story, anon.**

"To the tune of, *The King and Lord Abbot*." See this tune, though  
in a more modern and refined state, before. (Song LXXI. Part III.)

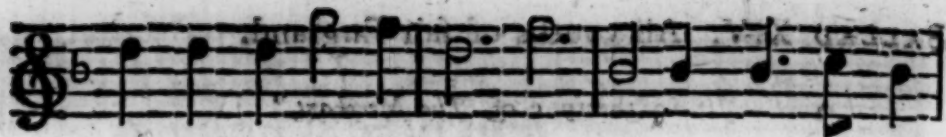
**BALLAD XVII. Cold and raw the North did blow.**



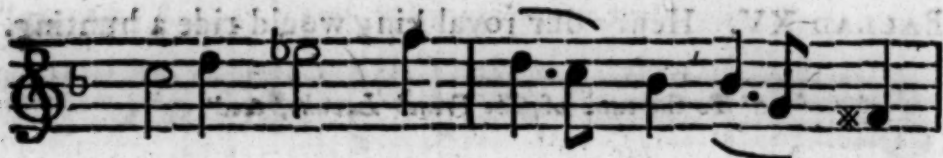
Cold and raw the North did blow, Bleak in the morning  
All the hills were cover'd with snow, Cover'd with winter



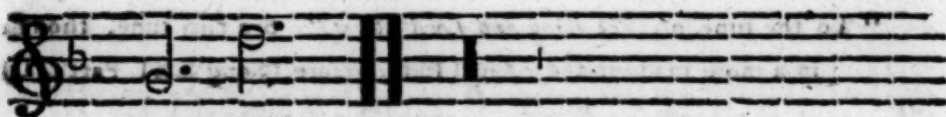
ear-ly; As I was rid-ing o'er the flough I  
year-ly



met with a farmers daughter; Ros-y cheeks and a



bonny brow; Good faith, my mouth did



wa—ter.

**BALLAD XVIII. When Arthur first in court began.**

"To the tune of *Flying Fame*." The same with *Chevy Chase*, and a most favourite melody with the old ballad makers. See the last air of this part.

**BALLAD XIX. Was ever knight for ladys sake.**

"Tune, *Was ever man*, &c."

**BALLAD XX. Of a worthy London prentice.**

"To the tune of, *All you that love good fellows*, &c."



Of a worthy Lon—don pren—tice My

purpose



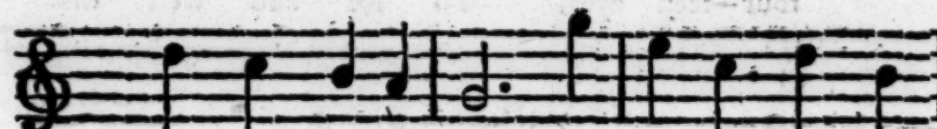
purpose is to speak, And of his brave ad-



ventures Done for his coun—try's sake:



Seek all the world a—bout, And



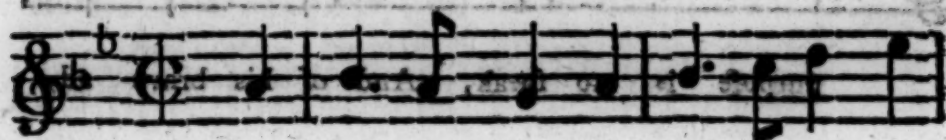
you shall hardly find A man in va—lour



to exceed A prentice' gallant mind.



BALLAD XXI. Old stories tell how Hercules.



Old sto-ries tell, how Her-cules A-



dragon flew at Lerna, With se-ven heads and



four-teen eyes, To see and well dis-



cern-a; But he had a club This



dragon to drub, Or he had ne'er done't, I



warr'nt ye; But More of More-hall, With



nothing at all, He flew the dragon of



Want-ley.

**BALDAD XXII.** When Flora with her fragrant flowers.

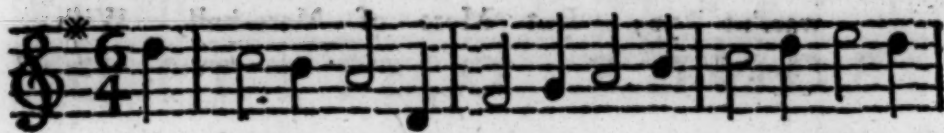
"To the tune of, *Come follow my Love.*"

**BALLAD XXIII.** Is there never a man in all Scotland.

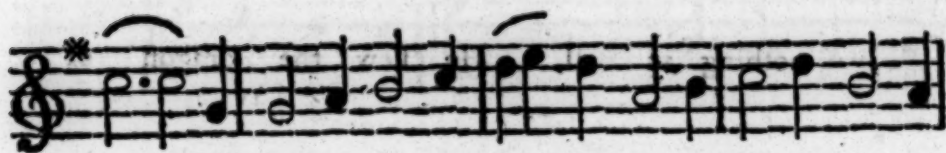
"To a pretty new Northern tune."

BALLAD XXIV. God prosper long our noble king.

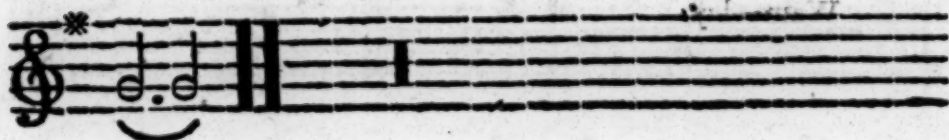
"Tune, Flying Fame."



God prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safeties



all, A woefull hunting once there did In Chevy-chase be-



fall.

A I R S.



A I R S,  
TO THE  
SONGS OMITTED  
IN PART II.

Cupid no more shall give me grief. Carey.

Set by the author.

Allegramonte.



Cupid no more shall give me grief,



Cupid no more shall give me grief,



Or anxious cares oppress my soul;



Or anxious cares oppress my soul;

While gen'rous Bac—chus brings re—lief,

While gen'rous Bac—chus brings re—lief,

And drowns 'em in a flow—ing

And drowns 'em in a flow—ing

bowl.

bowl.

How

**How stands the glass around.**



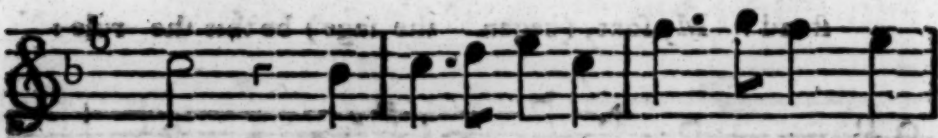
**How stands the glass around? For shame, ye take no**



care, my boys: How stands the glass a-round? Let



mirth and wine a—bound. The trumpets



found: The colours flying are, my boys, To



fight, kill 'or wound: May we still be found Con-



tent with our hard fare, my boys, On the cold



ground.



The festive board was met, the social band.

Recitative.



The festive board was met, the social



band, Round fam'd A-na--creon took their si-lent



stand : My sons, (began the sage) be this the rule :



No brow austere must dare ap-proach my school :



Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign with—



in, Old Care, be gone! Old Care, be gone! here

sadness

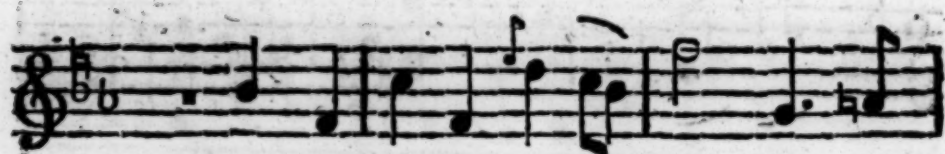
Air.



sadness were a sin. Tell not me the joys that



wait On him that's learn'd, or him that's great;



Wealth and wisdom I de-spise, Cares fur—



round the rich and wise; Cares fur—round — —



— — — — — ; Cares fur—



round the rich and wise, The queen that

gives



gives soft wishes birth, And Bacchus, god of wine and



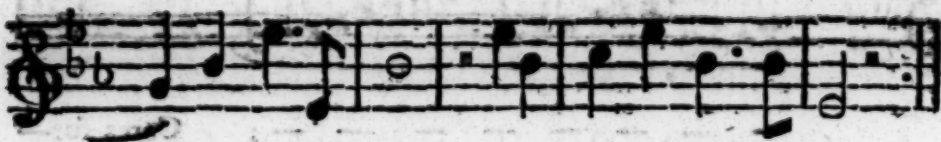
mirth, Me their friend and fav'rite own, Me their



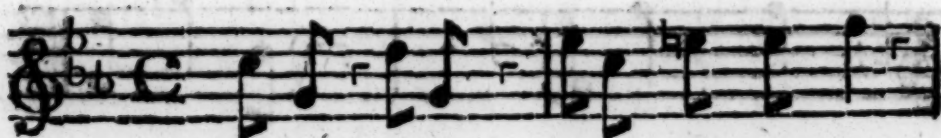
friend and fav'rite own, And I was born for them a—lone :



I was born — — — — —



— for them a—lone. I was born for them a—lone,



Bus'ness, title, title, pomp and state,

Title





Title, pomp and state, Give them to the fools I hate;



Bus'ness, title, title, pomp and state,



Give them to the fools, Give them to the fools, to the



fools, to the fools I hate;

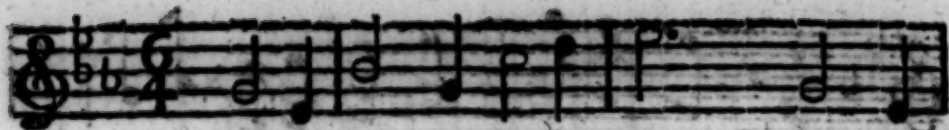


Give them to the fools, Give them to the fools, to the



fools, to the fools I hate :

the



But let love, let life be mine, Bring me



women, bring me wine. Speed the



dancing hours away, And mind not what the grave ones



say: Speed the da — — —



— — — — —



— — — — —

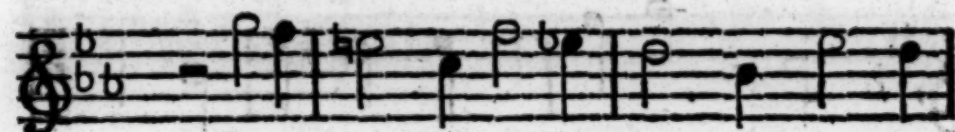
neing



— — — — — ncing hours a—way,



Mind not, mind not what the grave ones fay.



Gayly let the minutes fly, In love, and



freedom, wit, and joy, In love and freedom, wit, and



— joy; — Gay—ly — let the — mi—nutes



fly, In love and free—dom, wit and joy.





So shall love and life be mine; Bring me



women, bring me wine, Speed the dancing hours a-



way, Mind not what the grave ones say: Speed the



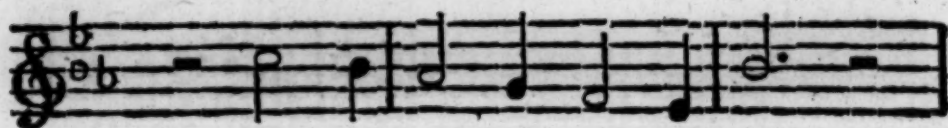
da



ncing



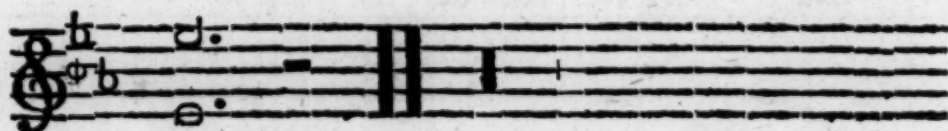
— ncing, Speed the dancing hours a-way ;



Mind not what the grave ones fay;



Mind not, mind not what the grave ones



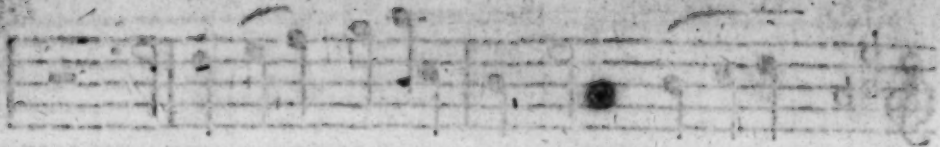
fay.

**When Bacchus, jolly god invites. Whitehead.**

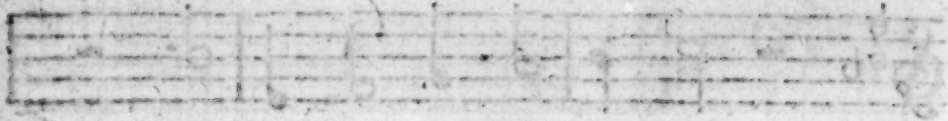
Has been set: But the only composition met with was a very indifferent cantata.

**Hence with cares, complaints and frowning. Bickerstaff.**

Was set to the air of Song XXXI. Part II. See the Music.



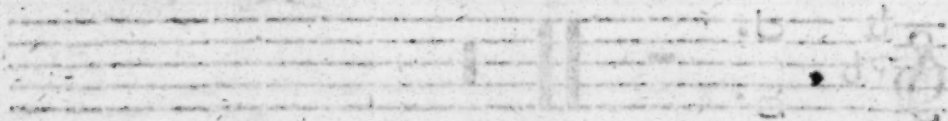
— being, spend the dancing hours a-way;



Mind the grave once say;



Mind not, mind not what the grave once



When Bachus, jolly god of wine, / Whimsical.

It is not that the only consolation was with wine in the wine

Heaven with cars, compliments and fawning, Elsie's

Was the spirit of song, XXVI, Part II. See the notes



